The Compleat

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE

OF THAT

Notorious Impostor

Will. Morrell, alias *Bowyer*, alias *Wickham*, &c.

Who died at Mr. *Cullen*'s the Bakers in the *Strand*, *Jan.* 3. 169½.

With Considerable Additions never before Published.

Aude aliquid Brevibus Gyaris & carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquid———

Licensed, *April* 14. 1694.

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TO

Gabriel Balam, Eſq;

SIR,

A Fair Name in the Frontiſpiece of a Book, is by long Cuſtom reckoned as Eſſential a part of it, as a Portico *is of a Temple. And yet as Panegyricks are their common Furniture, Dedication is the niceſt part of Writing.*

For though the Honeſt Poet, like the Faithful Painter, draws not beyond the Life, 'tis ſtill but a ſort of Labour loſt. For as Modeſty is the Finiſhing Stroke to the Compleat Gentleman, That Patron that is the moſt worthy of Praiſe, is the leaſt fond of it.

And if we ſtretch into that nauſeous Extream of Flattery, the Panegyrick is turn'd into a Libel, by expoſing what we pretend to praiſe.

'Tis true, the Pretence of Dedications, is the borrowed Protection a piece of Scribble receives from the Noble Patron, under whose Umbrage 'tis usher'd into the World. When, alas, a great Patron is no more a Protection to a dull Book, than a Cesar's *Face to a leaden Shilling. Wit and Sense stand only upon their own Legs, and go no farther than their own intrinsick Merit carries them. The World, at least the judicious part of it, is not to be so cheated. There's no passing off that false Coin for which every Man of Sense has both a Scales and a Touch-stone. Wit runs the Fate of* Belteshazzar: *The* [Mene Tekel] *is certainly written over our Heads, if we are once weigh'd and found too Light.*

But supposing some favour'd Author, cherish'd by the Smiles of a Noble or Generous Patron, takes this occasion (for that's the fairest Dedicatory pretext) of avowing his Gratitude to the whole World for such signal Obligations; yet this publick Acknowledgment of past Favours, looks very suspiciously like a Design of drawing on of new

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ones too: So that to sum up the Cause, the Brotherhood of the Quill, if they would fairly unmask, should plainly tell the World, that there's a private Gratification goes along with the publick Acknowledgment. For Men make Dedications as Votaries make Thanksgivings: The bent Knee is not wholly for Blessings receiv'd; but for some little Continuation too of the kind descending Smiles.

And, 'Faith, now I am playing the Tell-troth, and making thus bold with the Poetick Fraternity; this common Fault amongst them may well be excused: For to Apologize for the Muses in their own Native Dialect, I need but quote a Stanza in Gondibert.

O hireless Science; and of all alone
The Liberal! Meanly the rest each State
With Pension treats: But this depends of none;
Whose Worth they reverently forbear to rate.

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If Poor Poetry is put to such hard Shifts (for maugre our Gondibert's *fair Flouriſh, that's the plain Engliſh) to be ſo wholly unprovided for, that the Muſes have neither Lands nor Livings annex'd to their Foundation, but are wholly ſupported by Goodneſs and Favour; whilſt all other Studies, whether in the Long or Black Robe, have their Preferments, as warm Gowns, ſoft Furs, fat Glebes, and fruitful Crops, and what not: And Poetry, as much as 'tis charg'd with Fiction, yet, like Truth, goes almoſt naked: Under theſe Melancholly Circumſtances it may well be permitted ſome Grains of Allowance, as an Unhappy Dependant upon Courteſie.*

But whilſt I am thus plain in correcting Faults abroad, I ought to look at home, as having a much weaker Plea for my own Dedication, when being ſo altogether a Stranger to you, I dare be guilty of this Preſumption. This indeed I ought to have conſider'd: But when I find the Ingenious every day making their Court to you, and the more eminent Prieſts of Apollo, *the more ſucceſsful and no leſs deſervingly ſo, all aſſi-*

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duous Suitors to your Favour; ſo many fair Examples are that Warrant for my Ambition, that I lay hold of any Occaſion, tho at a farther diſtance, of making one of the Train.

You have that Air of Sweetneſs and obliging Temper, a Converſation ſo grateful, as renders you the Favourite even of Both Sexes.

But if I proceed to ſum up your fair Character, I ſhall tranſgreſs the Laws I have laid down, and offend that Modeſty, as has an Ear too tender for that Subject. Not to enlarge therefore upon your other Merits, 'tis ſufficient, You are ſo great a Cheriſher of the Muſes and the Stage, that that ſingle Virtue alone has encourag'd me to the Confidence of this Addreſs.

All I have truly to bluſh at, is the ſlenderneſs of the Preſent, this inconſiderable Triſle I offer you. However, as the Crow preſented to Ceſar, *be pleaſed to give it the ſame favourable Acceptance, as indeed*

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(like that poor Crow) ſaluting you with the ſame [Hayle] only with more Zeal, and tend'ring you the humble Obedience of

SIR,

Your moſt Devoted Servant

E. SETTLE.

THE

THE Notorious Impoſtor:

Or the Hiſtory of the Life of *Will. Morrell* alias *Bowyer*, &c.

THIS Famous Rover, from the Multitude of his Titles, to begin with his right Name *William Morrell*, was by Profeſſion a Chyrurgion; and more than twenty Years ago, for many Years together, a Practitioner of good Credit in *Banbury*; where his Induſtry honeſtly got him, by his Practice, a comfortable Subſiſtence, with which he maintained himſelf, his Wife and Family very handſomly, till about twenty Years ago he began to be very Lazy, and much addicted to hanker after the Converſation of the Gentry thereabouts: And being a Perſon very Facetious, and his Company not diſacceptable, he ſcrewed himſelf into the Society of the beſt Quality round about, and would be a Month or two a Gueſt at ſeveral Great Mens Houſes: More particularly he ſome time ſince inſinuated himſelf into the Favour of a Worthy Gentleman near *Banbury*, viz. *Humphry Wickham* of *Swakely* Eſq; whoſe Perſon and Character he pretended to repreſent, and in which

Impoſture he made his laſt *Exit*. His Original it was very Obſcure, and his firſt Start into the World, was in no higher a Poſt than a Journeyman Shoemaker, in which Character he liv'd ſome conſiderable time at *Worceſter*, underſtanding ſo little of what he profeſs'd at *Banbury*, viz. *Chyrurgery*, that he knew the Vertue of no other Plaiſter than his own Cobler's Wax. From that Imployment, he took a Frolick to Sea; from whence returned, he came to *Swakely*, with the true Privilege of a Traveller, his Authority unqueſtionable, he talk'd Miracles both of his Voyages and Adventures. For Example, That he had made a Voyage to *Conſtantinople* and *Barbadoes*, (for Eaſt and Weſt were all one in his Geography;) and ſo amuſed the Country-People with his Rhodomontadoes, that they look'd upon him as a Prodigy of a Man. His great Art he profeſs'd was Chyrurgery, (the little he had of it being indeed gotten on Ship-board,) and what with promiſed Wonders, and great Words, the common Crutch of little Abilities, together with ſome Favours and Countenance received from Captain *Wickham*, (a common Charity from ſo worthy a Gentleman,) which very much heightned his Reception, he made ſhift to rub through the World.

But to begin our Hiſtory in order: From his Converſing with Gentlemen and Herding with Quality, Buſineſs began to fall off; his many Rambles from home ſoon made his Practice flag; when the Glaſs and the Bottle came into play, the Salvatory and Plaiſter-box went out: And his Patients could not well ſtay for the Setting of a Broken Limb, or Tenting a Green Wound, till our *Eſculapius* was to be called, the Lord knows where, and found the Devil

Devil knows when. This Trade continuing, the other fell to decay; till at laſt Poverty began to peep in at his Window, and Duns to hover about his Door. In theſe little Exigencies and Neceſſities (for the Gentleman's Tables abroad would not fill the Bellies at home; nor would Hunting or Hawking pay Landlords Rent) his Wants put him upon Shifts and Artifices for his Subſiſtence; and what with a Natural Wit, and a pretty large Talent of Confidence, the preſſing Hand of Fortune threw him upon ſeveral Tricks and Frauds to hold his Head above-board. But not to trouble you with any of his leſſer Diminitive Exploits, the Infancy and Nonage of his Activity, we do not think fit to treat you with theſe pettier Adventures, but e'en ſet him out in one of his nobleſt Atchievements, and paint our new *Guzman* in ſome of his boldeſt and faireſt Colours.

Accordingly he Equips himſelf with a Sturdy Young Country-Fellow, a *Ralpho* to our *Hudibras*, and takes a Knight-Errantry one day to a Fair at *Brayls* in *Warwick-ſhire*, his Habit between a Grazier and a plain Country-Gentleman; where Sauntering about with his Man *Tom* (for ſo his Squire was titled) at laſt ſpying a Knot of good likely Kine (near a Score of them.) *Ah Maſter*, ſays *Tom, what a parcel of brave Cattle are theſe. Ay* Tom, replies the Maſter, *I am ſorry I ſaw them no ſooner; theſe would do my buſineſs to a T; but as the Devil and ill Luck would have it, I have laid out my whole Stock already, and ſo I'll e'en ſet my Heart at Reſt.* The Country-Fellow, the Owner of the Cattle, ſeeing a Gentleman of his honeſt Appearance ſurveying his Beaſts, and hearing every word that paſs'd between the Man and Maſter, (for they took care to talk loud enough to be heard) thought

he had got a good Chapman, and desired the Gentleman to draw nearer and handle the Cattle. *Handle*, answers *Tom*, *what for? You know, Sir, you have laid out all your Money already, and what should we handle Cattle unless we had Cole to buy 'em: I confess they are for your Turn above any I have seen in the whole Vair; but that's nothing, the Money Master the Money.* *The Money*, replies the Country-man, *Troth that shall make no Difference, nor break Squares between us; if you and I can agree, the Cattle are at your Service: I suppose you are some honest Gentleman hereabouts, and the Money will do my work next Market-day. Pray what may I call your Name? My Name is* Walters, replies our Cattle-Merchant. *Walters, Master*, answers our Country-man, *What any Relation to his Worship the Noble Sir* William Walters? *Ay, Friend, a small Relation, a Brother of his. A Brother of Sir* William's! Off goes the Country-man's Bonnet at the next word, and a long Scrape made; for no Respect was too great for a Brother to a Person of such eminent Quality. *My Cattle, Noble Squire, Ay with all my Heart.* In short, after much ado, to make the Country-man be cover'd before him, he fell to treat about the Price of the Cattle, in which he bargained so warily, that they had almost parted for a single Shilling in dispute between them. But at last the Bargain and Sale concluded, *Tom* is commanded to drive home the Cattle, the Money to be paid next Market-day, and the Country-man has the Honour to drink a Pot at parting with his Worshipful Chapman our Sir *William*'s Brother. This Feat performed, he takes a walk round the Fair, and picks up a pretty Country Girl, a Masons Daughter at a small Town about four Miles off, and gives her the common Country-Civility of a Fair, *viz.* a Glass

of

of White-wine and Sugar. During this Entertainment of our Young Damſel, he is moſt deſperately ſmitten with her Beauty, inſomuch that our *Inamorato* muſt wait upon her home to her Father's Houſe, nothing but Death and Deſpair attending if he cannot have that extraordinary Happineſs. The Girl, who by this time had learnt his Name and Quality, was not a little confounded at the preſſing Importunities of a Perſon of his Worth, to a poor Girl of her little Capacity; and notwithſtanding her modeſt Refuſals, felt a ſecret Pride from ſo kind an offer, and at laſt accepted of his Service home. No ſooner was ſhe got ſafe handed home, and her Mother and Daddy were privately whiſpered what Honour they receiv'd from ſuch a Viſitant; but the beſt the Houſe could afford was not good enough for him: After the courſer Compliments of [*Lord, Sir, ſuch a Perſon of Quality under our poor Roof*] and the like; the beſt welcom that could be made him was not wanting: Nay, for what was deficient at home, the whole Neighborhood was ranſak'd to lend help toward the Accommodation. Our new Lover, not to baulk a good Cauſe, openly profeſſes no leſs than honourable Matrimonial Affection to his dear Conqueror. Eſtate he wants none, and Portion or Quality are below his Conſideration, the Satisfaction of Love is the only thing in the World he reſolves to gratifie.

The Father and Mother are much aſtoniſh'd at ſuch an Addreſſer to their Daughter, nor is the Daughter her ſelf a little ſurpriz'd at it, though of the two her Wonder is the leaſt; for her Sexes natural Frailty was ſo apt to make her think it the pure Effect of her own ſweet Face, that the Power of her Charms, and the Quality of her Captive was not altogether (ſhe fancied) ſo extraordinary

an Adventure. In fine, Our paſſionate Admirer puſhes on his Suit with all the Vigour and Application imaginable, and truly you may well conceive ſo weak a Reſiſtance could not well hold out long againſt ſo Puiſſant an Aſſailer: The Siege is preſs'd home, and in three ſhort Days the white Flag is hung out, a Parly beat, Articles concluded, and the Fort ſurrendred. Our Damſel, in ſhort, commits Matrimony; and the whole Family is not a little tranſported at ſuch a Noble Alliance. Thus Wedded and Bedded, Our new Couple are all Honey and Sweetneſs, and though Sir *William Walter*'s Houſe was not above a dozen Miles from thence, his Adopted Brother all ſafe and ſecure, ſleeps in the ſoft Arms of his young Bride with all the Rapture of Pleaſure and Delight. After three Revelling Days were ſpent in Feaſting and Joy, the Father-in-Law and himſelf enter in a cloſe Cabinet Conſult about providing for Family and Settlement. He tells the Old Man, that truly his Brother the Knight will undoubtedly take no little Dudgeon at this Match, not that he cares a Farthing for't. He has married the only Creature of the World he can Love, and he is reſolved to Cheriſh her accordingly. But however, to manage Affairs with Diſcretion, he thinks it his beſt Prudence and Policy, to get his Trunks and the Writings of his Eſtate ſafe out of his Brother's Hands, before he publiſhes the Marriage. And for that purpoſe he has no better Way than for his Father-in-Law to help him to a ſmall Cart and a couple of able Horſes, and to drive to his Brother's, and take up his Trunks, *&c.* And conſidering he had laid out all his ready Money in Cattle at *Brayle* Fair, he deſired the Favour to furniſh him with Ten Pounds, that he might not be unprovided with a little of the

Ready

Ready about him, in caſe of any Rupture between his Brother and himſelf, till he could furniſh himſelf better amongſt his Tenants.

The Old Man very readily embraced this reaſonable Propoſition, and though truly the Sum of Ten Pounds was above his Stock, nevertheleſs, living in Repute amongſt his Neighbours, through great Solicitation, ſome forty and ſome thirty Shillings, and ſuch like Summs, with much ado he raiſes the Ten Pounds deſired; and more and above he procures two very able Horſes and a Cart to bring away the Treaſure aforeſaid, *&c.*

By this time his Man *Tom* having Sold the Cattle, is come to wiſh his Noble Maſter Joy of his fair Bride, and ſo the Maſter and *Tom*, attended by a Brother of his Bride, an Honeſt Country Swain, who though ſo highly honoured with his new Affinity, is at preſent planted in no higher a Poſt than to be a Mate to his Man *Tom* to drive the Cart, ſet forwards, *&c.*

The Brother-in-Law, Cheek by Jowl, with the Fore-Horſe of his ſmall Team, drives on very merrily for about Nine of the Twelve Miles to Sir *William's*, entertaining his Worſhipful Relation with the very beſt Tune he could Whiſtle all the Way they travell'd.

But now within Three Miles of Home, our politick Bridegroom thinks it adviſeable, that one of his Carters, the Brother, ſhould make a Halt at an Ale-houſe where they ſtopp'd, and the whole Management of the Cart and Horſes be intruſted with *Tom*, for fear the Sight of a Stranger to come to take up Goods at his Brother's might give Occaſion of Curioſity and Inquiry, whereas *Tom*, an old Servant in the Family, with leſs Suſpicion and Inſpection might do it.

Theſe ſtrong Reaſons (or indeed weaker would have ſerved turn) were ſatisfactory enough, and ſo the Gentleman Equipping his Brother *Clodpate* with a *George* to ſtay and Drink till they returned, the Maſter and Man fairly drive on, for the remaining three Miles to bring off the Bag and Baggage, *&c.*

The Potent Sum of a whole Half Crown to be laid out in Ale, ſet in our Country Youth to a hearty Carouſe with the kind Hoſteſs of the Houſe, where the Eſquires Health was over and over remembred, not forgetting the Great Man at the Great Houſe about Three Miles off, where, as ſimple a Country Fellow as he was, he expected one Day to be better acquainted.

But to draw this Adventure towards a Concluſion, our waiting Carter long expecting the Return of the Brother, the Palfries and the Cargo, notwithſtanding the Strength of powerful Ale, and his Sweet Land-Ladies diverting Company, began at laſt to be Impatient; ſometimes he fancied the Loading was too heavy for the Poor Beaſts, and he thought it his beſt way to walk out and ſee if he could meet them: But all Inquiry was in vain, Night at laſt drew on, and the beſt Part of his Half-Crown melted down; at length, though very Uneaſie and Reſtleſs, he is perſwaded by his kind Hoſteſs to take a hard Nap till Morning. The Cock was not ſo ſoon awake as he, for to tell Truth, he ne're ſlept at all, though indeed he dreamt all Night, for he could not think leſs, than that ſome Retainers of the Family had undoubtedly followed the Cart, and murder'd the Squire to run away with the Treaſure; and what his poor Siſter would ſuffer to be a Widow ſo early, was little leſs than a Mortal Apprehenſion. Thereupon very betimes

times in the Morning, he pads to Sir *William*'s, and very earneſtly inquires what was become of the Squire, the Knights Brother. Sir *William*'s Brother, *reply'd the Servants*, we know none he has; 'tis true, he had one ſome Years beyond Sea, but whether dead or alive, is more than any Man upon *Engliſh* Ground (*God wott*) can tell. How! No Brother-in-Law Squire! No Sir *William*'s Family! No Siſter like to be a Lady, nor Brother a Gentleman! Nor no Horſes nor Cart neither! This ſtaggering Account put him into ſo doleful a Dumps, that he ſtood almoſt Thunder-ſtruck. And truly the twelve Miles home again, was ſo tedious a Journey, and the lamentable Narrative he muſt make 'em at home, ſo killing a Fancy, that it was a great Mercy he did not make a Stay upon ſome convenient Twig in ſome Hedge in the Road, rather than live to be the Meſſenger of ſuch a woful ſad Tale—But ill News at laſt muſt out. The Bird and the Beaſts were all flown; the poor Bride ſweetly brought to Bed, a Cart and two Horſes to pay for, a Son-in-Law to find when the Devil was blind, the Daughter's ſweet Play-thing loſt, the Father and Mother dipt Ten whole Pounds in Chalk, and the whole Family under the ſuffering of a whole Chamber-pot full of Wailings and Tears for their Calamities and Miſfortunes.

But to return to our Rover: By the Sale of Cart and Team, Ten Pound in Cole the laſt Lump, and the Price of his Kine the other, his Pockets were pretty well lined; and conſidering this Spot might ſoon grow too hot for him, he thinks it wiſeſt to ſhift the Scene, and thereupon diſmiſſing, for ſome time, his Man *Tom*, who had pretty well lick'd his Fingers in ſo profitable a Service,

vice, our Graſier now tranſmogrifies into a Spark, and very ſprucely rigg'd, takes a Ramble Weſtward, where meeting with no Adventure worth recital, in ſome ſmall Time he gets to *Ludlow*. There taking up the firſt Night at an Inn, his Garb (though unattended by Servants) ſoon made him good Reception; his firſt Inquiry was to learn out the eminenteſt People in the Town, of which being readily inform'd by the Drawers; he learnt, amongſt other Relations, that there was a Subſtantial Wealthy Tradeſman, had two pretty Marriageable Daughters: Being directed to the Houſe, he addreſſes to the Father, telling him he was a *Barkſhire* Gentleman, and intending to make ſome ſmall Abode in *Ludlow*, he did not think fit to continue in a Publick Houſe, but would gladly gain Admiſſion to ſome Private Family. The Tradeſman (whoſe Name we will not mention) being a Widower, and taken with the manner of his Diſcourſe, kindly invited him to his own Houſe, which our Travelling Gallant as kindly embracing, Accommodation was made, and he was lodg'd that very Night at this Private Landlord's.

His Entrance here gave him the Opportunity of daily converſing with no mean Wit and Charms in the two ſweet Daughters of the Family; and our Gallant, very apt to take fire at but a ſmall matter of Beauty, eſpecially with a Portion at the Tail of it, felt no little Wamblings at the extraordinary Accompliſhments of the Elder, ſomewhat the ſweeter Creature. But this new Adventure was not an Enterpriſe ſo eaſie as the laſt; this Sire of ſome Faſhion, was ſo far above the Education and Extract of his former Father-in-Law, a Man of Mortar and Trowel; and his Daughters of a Reach

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and underſtanding ſo much beyond the other's humbler Capacity; that Meaſures muſt be quite alter'd here from thoſe that he took before. Accordingly, now his Diſcourſe was always upon Foreign Subjects, himſelf and his own Affairs the leaſt Part of his Talk; and if any inquiſitive Queſtion, either by Father or Daughters were made relating to his Family or Concerns, he anſwer'd with that Modeſty, and almoſt Silence to all Demands of that Kind, that he left their Curioſity ſtill in the Dark; and which indeed was ſo much Heightning to the favourable Imaginations they had conceived of him; that they doubted not in the leaſt, but he was of eminent Quality; and what any boaſting Vanity would have made 'em rather ſuſpect, his Modeſty on the contrary confirm'd. 'Twas ſome few Days before they inquir'd his Name, for which he had ready at his Tongues End, the Name of a very great Family in *Barkſhire*; but not deſcending to Particulars, the Remoteneſs of the Place did not gain 'em much Intelligence of his Quality from only the bare Name. All this while, at ſome little diſtance, he dropt a great many complaiſant Words to the elder Siſter, which look'd very much like Love, and which he indeed deſired ſhould be ſo interpreted. In this Converſation, now of a Fortnights Continuance, he had rendred himſelf ſo acceptable to the whole Family, that a great many favourable Thoughts on all ſides inclined towards him. The Addreſs to the Daughter, at laſt looked a little more plain and barefac'd, and at that Time a Fair happening at *Ludlow*, where he had been diverting himſelf with ſeeing of Faſhions, he came home in much Concern, and ſome kind of Paſſion, much greater than hitherto they had at any Time ſeen from him. " Certainly there is no Place in

" the

" the World (*ſays he paſſionately*) ſo retir'd, but " ſome Devil or other will ſtill find out and haunt " me. The Oddneſs of this Expreſſion invited the elder Siſter to ask him what he meant. " Why " truly, Madam, (*he replied*) I have been hunted " from three or four Towns already, for in ſpight " of all my Reſolutions of living *incognito*, ſome " unlucky Perſon or other comes full in my Mouth, " and will betray me in ſpight of my Soul. This Anſwer did but heighten her Curioſity, and having, as ſhe thought, ſome little Intereſt in him as a profeſt Servant of her's, ſhe was a little the bolder in preſſing the Queſtion; and therefore plainly ask'd him why he liv'd *incognito*, and what Accident had now diſcovered him: To this at laſt, with a little more Frankneſs than he had hitherto uſed, he replied, the Reaſon of his Ramble from his Family, with his Living three or four Months paſt unknown to the whole World, was only to prevent the Ruin of a Siſter, who, like a fooliſh Girl, was in much Danger to be undone by a Beggarly Match ſhe was too fond of; and her Portion being in his Hands, he had abſented himſelf from his Home, leſt the Softneſs of her Tears, the Importunities of ſeveral Advocates in Behalf of this indigent Lover, together with the Weakneſs of his own tender Heart, might at laſt be prevail'd upon to grant his Conſent to what he knew would be his Shame and her Undoing. And as Ill Luck would have it, he had unfortunately tumbled upon a Country-man of his, now at the Fair, who would infallibly run open mouth'd to his Siſter and his Family, and tell 'em all where he was. This Diſcovery gave a good Occaſion to the fair Examiner to be not only a Pleader for her own Sex in the Perſon and Cauſe of his unknown Siſter, but likewiſe to be a Champion

pion for Love. For now ſhe plainly told him, that a great many Grains of Allowance were to be made, where Hearts were inſeparable. If this Lover of his Siſters was a Man of Senſe and Quality (as neither of thoſe he could deny him) it was a little barbarous in him to oppoſe the whole Repoſe and Contentment of ſo near a Relation as a Siſter, for ſo ſordid a Conſideration as a little Worldly Intereſt. Beſides, there was a Providence always attended Faith and Truth in Love, and undoubtedly ſooner or later would provide for their well-being, or elſe enable 'em to bear a meaner Portion of Riches, which others perhaps might, leſs contentedly, poſſeſs. This Argument was almoſt the daily Diſcourſe, in which ſhe ſeem'd to gain ſome little Ground, but not enough to perſwade him to the unreaſonable Grant of his Siſters Deſires.

About five Days after comes a Letter directed to him at *Ludlow*, with the Poſt Mark upon it very authentically, which in a very legible Womans Hand contained theſe Words.

Dear Brother,

WHat unhappy Star am I born under, to ſuffer all this miſerable Perſecution? Certainly, when my Father left me to your Diſpoſal, and tied my Portion to your liking of the Man that muſt marry me, ſurely he could never have died reconciled to Heaven, could he have foreſeen the Slavery he tied his poor Child to, in putting me into the Power of ſo cruel a Brother. To run ſo many Months from your Houſe, your Family, nay, your Honour too, (for what muſt the cenſuring World talk of you) and all to break a poor Siſters Heart. Oh ſhameful! To hide your ſelf from the World, and run from Mankind, only to ſhut your Ears againſt Juſtice, and to be deaf to all Goodneſs

and

and Humanity! Alas, what Capital Crime have I committed, who only loved a Gentleman, in Birth and Blood no ways my Inferior; and what if an unfortunate Younger Brother's ſlender Patrimony of a Hundred a Year is not anſwerable to a Portion of Two thouſand Pounds. A wonderful Cauſe to make me the moſt unhappy Creature living, in refuſing me the only Bleſſing the World has to give. How many fair Steps to Preferment and Honour lie in the way of ſo accompliſh'd and ſo well-related a Gentleman, notwithſtanding his Elder Brother run away with the Eſtate; and what good Fortune have I not to hope for, if your Barbarous Averſion did not interpoſe between my Felicity and me. In ſhort, reſolve to return home, and be kind to your Languiſhing and almoſt Deſpairing Siſter, or elſe expect very ſpeedily to be viſited by her at your Bed-ſide in her Winding-ſheet. For if Ghoſts can walk, and your Barbarity has ſworn my Death, expect to be eternally haunted, as you ſhall deſerve from---

Your Diſtracted---

The next Poſt four or five Letters more came after him; one from his Bayliff, to deſire him for God's-ſake to come home again; for the Devil a Farthing would his Tenants pay till they ſaw their Landlord. A ſecond from one of his Tenants, complaining of his bad Crop, and the low Price of Corn; and that unleſs he would bate him Twenty Pound a Year Rent, he could never hold his Farm; earneſtly deſiring his Worſhip to come home, and take care of his poor Tenants, *&c.* A third condoling his Misfortune in the loſs of his Eldeſt Son, and deſiring to ſee his Sweet Worſhip's Face, that he might get him to put his Second Boy's Life into his Copy-hold; and others of the like Import.

Theſe

These Letters our Spark left in his Closet Window; and one whole day going abroad, by a pretended Negligence, he shot the Bolt of his Closet Lock out of the Staple, and so left his Door a-jar, and his Letters expos'd to any body that would please to read 'em. This Stratagem succeeded to his Wish, for the Daughter, whom I may now call his Mistress, knowing him safe abroad, had dropt into his Chamber when the Maid was making the Bed, and finding the Closet Door open, made bold to peep, and spying his Letters there, tips the wink upon the Maid, whom she made of the Council, and read 'em all out. The Contents put her mightily upon the gog; for certainly she concluded he must be a Man of a mighty Estate, so many Tenants, and the Lord knows what; and if a Sister had Two thousand Pounds, what must an Elder Brother possess. After she had conjured the Maid to silence, she could not forbear running to her Father, and telling him all she had discover'd. The Father at first reprimanded her Curiosity, but considering he had found out a Love Intreague between his Daughter and him, he thought it no unwelcom discovery. At last looking very stedfastly upon his Daughters Face, with a sort of a kind Fatherly Leer, he cry'd, *Ah Child, would he were a-bed with thee. How, Father*, reply'd the Girl blushing. *Nay, no harm* (quoth the Father) *Chicken, that's all. Thou sayst he makes love to thee, and troth I must own it no small part of my Ambition, to have a Person of his Quality and Fortunes for a Son-in-Law.* In short, The Father gave her very seasonable Admonition; for having sounded her Inclinations, and found 'em to his own wish, with a Fatherly Authority he commanded her, if his Addresses hinted at Marriage, to make him all reasonable Advances that way.

Our

Our Gallant found his Plot had taken; for he had critically obſerved in what moſt particular manner and ſtation, to a quarter of an Inch, he had laid his Letters; and finding all of 'em diſplaced more or leſs from the exact point he had left 'em, he plainly perceived they had all of 'em been read. Beſides, in compliance to her Father's Orders, and indeed a little to her own Inclinations, he diſcover'd her uſual Coldneſs to him a little diminiſh'd, and her Aſpect more favourable, which plainly told him the Bait had taken. Whereupon one Evening, finding her alone in her Garden, with a Confidence more than uſual, he plainly ſpoke home, telling her what an ineſtimable Bleſſing he ſhould acquire in poſſeſſing ſo much Sweetneſs for a Wife.

A long Courtſhip enſued, the Particulars too tedious, only the Girl was a little more pliant than ordinary, but much doubting the Integrity of his Proteſtations; alledging, it was very unlikely he would debaſe himſelf to marry a Creature of her mean Fortune; for all ſhe could at preſent challenge, except what her Father might do for her after his deceaſe, was only 100 *l.* left her in her Father's hands by an Uncle deceas'd. Our Gallant preſently, with much diſdain, ſeem'd to ſlight all thoughts of her Fortune, for that, he thank'd Heaven, he wanted not; and truly her dear Perſon was the only conſideration that had fix'd his Heart intirely her Captive. To bring him to the happy Point, 48 hours are not paſt, before he comes to reap the fair Fruit. The Marriage-knot is tied, and the Nuptials conſummated, and Joy and Felicity runs high between them.

In this happy State, and uninterrupted Delights, they continued ſome days, when of a ſudden his old Servant *Tom*, booted and ſpurr'd, comes to *Ludlow*, and

and now in a little higher Station than before, in the Garb and Figure of one of his Bayliffs, he comes Poſt thus far; firſt, To tell him the Diſtraction of his Family, occaſion'd by his abſence: 2dly, The Lady his Siſters ſudden departure, God knows whither, for ſhe went away by night, two days before he ſet out from home, and has not been heard of ſince. And that a Letter was come from *Briſtol*, intimating that his Venture in Sherry was ſafely landed there, and that the King's Cuſtoms came to 97 *l.* but his Correſpondent at *Briſtol* being lately dead, the Cuſtom was yet unſatisfied; and truly for his part none of the Tenants would pay him one Groat till they ſaw their Landlord again, and therefore he could not raiſe the Money to ſatisfie it. Our new Bridegroom hearing all this, preſently communicates the whole matter to his ſweet Bedfellow, deſiring her to get her Father to accommodate him with that Sum; not that he ask'd it as any part of her Uncle's Legacy, he ſcorn'd to be ſo poor-ſpirited; no, he requeſted it as a Boon, and the Monies ſhould ſpeedily be repaid with Thanks: Which if he pleas'd to do for him, his Servant ſhould fall down the *Severn*, and take care of his Wines, of which his dear Father-in-Law ſhould have one Hogſhead to drink to her *Hans en Keldar*. The Daughter was a ſpeedy and ſucceſsful Embaſſadreſs, for the Mony was preſently laid him down in Gold, for the more eaſe of his Servant's carriage of it. *Tom* had not been two hours gone, but a Foot-boy in a very fine Livery brings him a Letter from his Siſter, ſignifying her extream Concern for his deſerting his Affairs and Family, and that her Griefs and Diſquiets had made her take a long Ramble to ſee him once more. And that ſhe was now at *Hereford*, not daring to approach any nearer, till ſhe had his gracious Warrant and

Permiſſion, which ſhe humbly upon her bended Knees intreated of him, with a great deal more paſſionate Courtſhip to him upon that Subject. Upon peruſal of this Letter he ſeem'd to melt into a great deal of good Nature and Compaſſion for his dear Siſter, inſomuch that a Tear ſtood in his Eyes, which his ſweet Bride very kindly drank in a Kiſs. At length launching out into a great many tender Expreſſions towards his Siſter, which Goodneſs his kind Bride much applauded and encourag'd, throwing in many a kind word in her Siſters behalf. At laſt the Brother concluded he would be ſo civil to her, that ſince her extravagant Affection had brought her thus far to viſit him, he would return her the Favour of riding himſelf to *Hereford* to fetch her, if his kind Father would procure him a Horſe. Ay, with all his Heart. Nay, both Father and Daughter proffer'd to take the ſame Journy with him, to pay their Reſpects to the young Lady, and attend upon her as part of her Train to *Ludlow*. *No, by no means*, replied our Spark, *that was more than the Rules of Honour would allow.* For his Dear Bride, as his Wife, was a Perſon in Quality above her, and whatever Kindneſſes ſhe pleaſed to ſhew her, when at *Ludlow*, was in her free Power; but this complaiſance was too great a Condeſcention, and conſequently he beg'd her leave, that the Tenderneſs he had of her Honour, might abſolutely forbid her any ſuch thought. And indeed his Father's was much the ſame Condeſcention, which he muſt likewiſe no way ſuffer.

The Father and Daughter both ſilenc'd with this anſwer, acquieſced with his Reaſons, as being much a more experienc'd Maſter of Ceremonies than they could pretend to; conſenting to let him go alone, only attended by the Siſters Page; in the mean while

while reſolving to apply their officious Reſpects to this fair, tho yet unknown Relation, another way, *viz.* in making a ſuitable Preparation for her honourable Reception. But firſt a very ſtately Horſe was borrow'd, one that a Colonel of the Guards had lately bid a lumping Sum for, with all Accoutrements anſwerable. And at mounting, our Cavalier whiſpering in his Father's Ear, and telling him he had been long from home, and not knowing whether his remaining Stock might hold out to his preſent Occaſions, he deſired---The Father would not hear out the Speech, but running up ſtairs preſently, fetch'd down, and ſtole into his hand a ſilk Purſe richly lined with Twenty Broad Pieces.

Our Squire thus every way oblig'd, after his due Conges all made, bids them all Farewel till to morrow, and ſo prances off. Here let us leave the Father and Daughter as buſie for the Credit of the Cauſe, as may be imagin'd, making all ſuitable Proviſion for to morrow's Entertainment; the Kitchin, and Pantry, the Bed-Chamber, and the Court-Cupboard, muſt all appear in Splendor extraordinary.

And now to return to our Traveller: Heaven knows he had the Misfortune to miſs his way, for he never found *Hereford* nor Siſter. His Barb too found another Chapman than the Colonel of the Guards; for both Horſe and Accoutrements all embargo'd, and the diſmounted Cavalier ſlipt into a Frize-Coat of his Man *Tom*'s providing, who waited his coming, the Maſter, Page, and *Tom*, in a ſmall prepared Veſſel, trol'd down the *Severn* as faſt as Tide and good Speed could carry them.

As we thunder'd down the *Severn*, one of our Strollers being at preſent uſeleſs, our Page (well rewarded for playing his part in the Farſe) is dropt at *Worceſter*, from whence we continue our Voyage

to *Briſtol*. Arrived there pretty late in a Summers Evening, 'tis not thought convenient to appear in any Dreſs whatever had been ſeen before at *Ludlow*, nor indeed to expoſe his Face, leſt any Inquiry might be made there about him as a Sherry-Merchant; and ſo trunking up all his beſt Rayment, he gets himſelf new rigg'd at a Saleſman's in a genteel Garb, but ſomething modeſter than his *Ludlow* Bravery, and *Tom* and he next Morning move off to *Bath*.

It fortunes here, that he Quarters at one of the great Inns, it being the beginning of the Summer, juſt before *Bath* time, where was a brisk Daughter of the Houſe, about half way Stage between 20 and 30, and conſequently much inclinable Manwards. A Girl that had had the Honour of many a ſlap croſs the Mouth, and chuck under the Chin by Lords and Earls in her time, her Father's honourable Gueſts at *Bath*-Seaſon. Our moſt conſtant Lover of every new Face, feels the old Itch again; buſineſs he finds will thicken upon him, and therefore fluſh'd with his late Succeſſes, he reſolves to throw out his winning Hand as far as it will run.

But now to know what Portion this Damſel had, for without a Spill of Yellow-boys, naked White and Red has but indifferent Charms with him. This Intelligence was quickly made, without asking the queſtion, for there was a Jeſt in the Family of one of the Drawers being Suitor there, who belike wanted a tite Sum of 80 *l.* to ſet up withal (a ſmall Portion of hers formerly left her by a Grandfather, and now at uſe.) This Drawer, forſooth, was a Rival, but not an over-formidable one. For truly our Inn-keepers Daughter had ſo often been tickled with the Addreſſes of Quality, that (*Foh!*) her Father's Drawer was ſcarce worthy to hold up her Train;

Train; a Gentleman or nothing for her. Nay, if ſhe has not the Happineſs to ſtrike in for a Leaſe for Life at Bed and Board with ſome honourable Perſon, rather than die in Ignorance, keep a ſtale Maiden-head, and ſo lead Apes, ſhe has long ſince reſolved not to ſtand out at a lower Game, and e'en admit a Tenant at Will to an Inmate of Faſhion and Quality; and was groſly ſuſpected ſhe had tried the Conſtitution of her Body, under a Load of Honour long before her preſent Year of twenty five. But true or falſe, that's a ſmall Blot in her Scutchion.

Our *Don John* is abſolutely captivated, and plies her home with all the Rhetorick that Love can afford. Our Man *Tom* in the mean while but very modeſtly, is whiſpering amongſt his Mates, the lower Tire of the Family, the Servants, what a Worthy Gentleman his Maſter is, being a Rich *Norfolk* Gentleman (a pretty large Stride from *Bathe*) of 500 a Year. This Narrative paſſes pretty well amongſt the ſhallower Pates, the Chamberlain, the Tapſter, the Hoſler, and the reſt of the inferior Domeſticks; but our hard-faith'd young Miſtreſs of the Houſe, whether bit before, or naturally not over-credulous, does as good as declare, That her Principles are to look before ſhe leaps. Our *Norfolk* Suitor finds his Addreſſes very acceptable, but ſtill with a Reſerve, Provided he be the Man he appears. He plainly ſees, that the Girl, upon good Grounds is very pliable, but ſhe's a little paſt the Years of being dandled and kiſt out of her Reaſon: He or any Man elſe (any Tooth good Barber) with Honour and Eſtate may go far with her; but Demonſtration is the only Argument that muſt carry her Cauſe. As many Years as ſhe has lived (or at leaſt paſt

for) a Maid, ſhe is not ſo hard ſet, but ſhe can tarry till Subſtantial Teſtimony (as far off as *Norfolk* lies) can make out the Lands and Tenements, before ſhe conſents to an Incloſure. Our Spark therefore put to his laſt Trumps, finds this laſt a craggier and more difficult Enterprize than any he had ever yet encountred; however, thinking it a very great Scandal to his Wit, to lie down before her, and ſhamefully for want of Ammunition, be forced to raiſe the Siege, he ſets all his Brains at work for one laſt Mine to blow her up; or if that take not, he is reſolv'd to quit the Field. In a day or two after he begins to be melancholly and indiſpoſed; during this Fit, he is very cold in his Love, and applies him to Religious Books, talks much of very odd Dreams he has had, till at laſt he takes his Bed. Phyſicians are ſent for, whether they found any real Indications of Sickneſs or no, or acquieſced to his own Declaration of the Pains he felt, no Medicinal Application was wanting. His Diſtemper increaſing, he deſires a Man of Law to be ſent for, accordingly a Scriv'ner of the Town is called, who draws up his Will, in which he gives away about Three Thouſand Pounds in ſeveral Legacies, leaving his Nephew his full and ſole Executor. The Will is ſealed up, and delivered to his Man *Tom*; and all the Cognizance taken of his Miſtreſs, is only 10 *l.* to buy her Mourning. Next a Man of God is ſent for, and all the neceſſary Preparations for a Man of another World are made. His Conſcience ſetled, and his *Viaticum* for his long Journey moſt devoutly furniſht. But it pleaſes Fate, or the Sick Man rather, in ſome few Days after, to give ſome ſmall Symptoms of Amendment, and to ſhorten the matter, in Eight or Ten Days time he is pretty well recovered, and the

next

next Talk is of fancying his own Native *Norfolk* Air for perfecting his Health; all this while the young Damſel, who, though not call'd to the Will-making, knew all the Contents of it, and finding from all Hands, the great Uprightneſs and Devotion of her humble Servant, could not fancy that ſo much Religion and Piety could be an Impoſtor, and therefore ſhe doubted not in the leaſt, but the Eſtate in *Norfolk* was unqueſtionable; and though indeed her Prudence would ſtill incline her to a full Inquiry and ſatisfactory Account, yet 'tis now too late, her cooling Admirer talks of ſpeeding to *London*; and though he profeſſes he will leave his Heart behind with her, She is afraid that new Faces and better Fortunes will ſoon ſhake her hold there, and therefore taking her Pillow upon the Buſineſs, ſhe reſolves not to ſlip ſo favourable an Opportunity, but to lay hold of the Forelock, and take a good Offer whilſt ſhe may have it: For with all her natural Pride, ſhe conſiders her ſelf but the Lees of a Tap; and 'tis not every Rich Gudgeon will bite at a Bait ſo blown, and ſo ſtale.

Her departing Lover ſtill preſſing for his Journey, the good-natur'd Girl watches the next amorous Sally of her Gallant, and takes him at his Word, and without asking Advice, thinks her own Wit ſufficient, and in two Days time enters into *for better, for worſe*. The Town-Bells ſoon rung All Joy; and the beſt Hogſhead in Daddy's Cellar run *Claret*. His Honourable Gueſt and Son-in-Law was the little Idol of all the Virgins of the Town, and the envied Preferment of ſweet Mrs. *Betty* had fill'd all Tongues; and ſcarce a Prayer offered up for a Husband, but Mrs. *Betty*'s Felicity was made the Pattern of their Devotion.

But now, as the Devil would have it, our dignified Bride is for having her Dear Spouse, by all mean, doing her and her Father the Honour of staying out the whole Bathe Season (now coming on) amongst 'em, and nothing can divert her from that Resolution. This is a very unwelcom Proposal; for the Multitude of Faces from all Quarters of the Kingdom, may not only be very dangerous to his Circumstances, but likewise his *Norfolk* Abilities, long before that Time, may be examin'd too narrowly; and therefore not being able to make any harsh Refusal of his fair Bride's Request, lest it should look like Design, and to marry a young Girl, and be ashamed of her Parentage, would appear so unkind, that he has no Artifice to wean her from *Bathe*, and drill her out of Town, but by pretending a small Relapse of his Indisposition, which he acted so well, that he denied himself the very Pleasures of Love, and fell off from Family-Duties. This Curtain-Failure began to moderate her Passion for staying at *Bathe*, for her tame Bedfellow still preaching up the Virtues of his own Native *Norfolk* Air, his poor defeated Bride could not but have a Womanly Longing for so necessary a Restorative, and thereupon for so important a Medicine to her feeble Yoke-mate, she consented to go along with him.

All her fine Cloaths were boxed up, together with several Bed and Table-Linnen, *&c.* (for she had pretty good Moveables, all the Legacies of deceased Aunts and Grannies, and other good Kin) and all sent by her Man *Tom* to the Carriers, and two Days after Places took in the flying Coach for their speeding to *London*.

But one main thing was almost forgotten. She had call'd in her Portion, which for a Guinies Gratification

tification the Scriv'ner had ready at an Hours Warning, having at that time ſome other Peoples Money by him undiſpoſed, and hers being out upon Mortgage, the Owners were very well pleas'd to make an Exchange upon the ſame Security. This Money was not to be truſted by the Waggon, but to be carried up with her in the Coach-Box, for which her Man *Tom* begg'd her Acceptance of a little Gilt-leather'd Trunk that happen'd to be juſt ſmall enough to go into the Coach-Box. The Day of ſetting out being on the Morrow, her thoughtful Spouſe had nicely conſider'd that the Coach would be in *London* half a Day before the Carrier, which for ſome Reaſons you'll find in the Sequel was not altogether for his Convenience, and therefore he made a ſhift to put off the Journey till next Coach-Day.

Againſt that time the Gilt-leather'd Trunk, and the Key to it was deliver'd her (though by the bye he had got two Keys) and the 80 *l.* ſome Broad Pieces, a Caudle-Cup, half a dozen of Silver Spoons, and ſome other Toys were all ſtowed in it; and the Kind Couple are trundling away for *London*, with the Man well mounted riding by.

Now, as a Man of his Eſtate, he had freely given her all her own Portion, a ſmall Privy Purſe to buy her Pins with, having Married her only for Beauty, and much diſdaining the Addition of ſo ſmall a Sum to his plentiful Fortune. The firſt Stage being done (for they had but one Night to lye by the Way) the ſmall Cabinet of Treaſure was carefully taken out of the Coach, and lodged in a Cloſet in the Chamber, and next Morning deliver'd to *Tom* to ſee ſafely laid in the Coach-Box as before.

The

The next Night arriving both at *London* (whither *Tom* about *Brentford* was commanded by his Master to speed a little before to prepare for their Reception) a very fair Lodging near St. *James*'s was ready to entertain her, but no *Tom* had been there; and coming to open the Trunk, instead of the Gold and Silver Entrails there was nothing but a Bag of Stones, and a Piece of a Brickbat to supply their Places, enclosed in a few Rags that stuft up the Trunk. This amazing Sight threw the poor Lady into a most violent Distraction, and 'twas very hard to hold her from falling into a Fit, her Husband seeming as much amazed as her self, and joining in the Complaint as loud as she. But to abate her Rage, he told her the wicked Rogue should not so escape, he had very sufficient Security from able Friends for his honest and faithful Service, and their Purses should make her Reparation, till when the Loss should be made up out of his own Pocket. Nor would he sleep till he had made her some farther Satisfaction, and therefore begg'd her Excuse but for one half Hour till he took Coach, and made that Search and Quest that perhaps would bring her some considerable Light into the Villany. Her Zeal for her Loss never look'd any farther, and accordingly well pleas'd with the kind Motion, she took leave of him for the half Hour aforesaid.

But, alas, a long half Hour, for half the Evening, nay the whole Night was gone, and neither Man nor Master to be heard of. So Husband and Portion all departed, she thought fit to secure her Goods and Cloaths at the Carriers, but the same Calamity attended there likewise, for *Tom* had been there too, and swept all.

To describe the Distress and Anguish of our present Female-Sufferer, or either of her two foregoing Sisters

Sisters in Affliction, being a work beyond our power, we shall e'en do as the Painter did of old, that is, draw a Vail before the Face of Sorrow, the Lineaments of true Grief being above the Pen or Pencils Skill.

His continued good Luck at the Female Quarry succeeding so prosperously, he has hardly snapt and gorged one, before he's for flying at a second.

Leaving therefore this last Wife to shift home, not only Penny-less, but almost naked too, it being then in the gay time of Summer, he buys him a very stately Gelding, and prances down to *Slough* near *Windsor*. There taking a Genteel Lodging, and throwing off his old now Hackneyfied Disguise of the Country Gentleman, he assumes the Character of a *London* Merchant; and tho' the little distance of twenty Miles laid the Scene very nigh, and consequently (one would think) exposed him to something more hazard than any of his former remoter Pretensions, however he is so flusht with Success, and thereupon so hardy an Enterprizer, that he reckons upon Fortune now intirely his own, as no less than bound to his Cause, and her Smiles as secure, as himself her now darling Favourite is fearless and undaunted.

His Tent therefore pitch'd at *Slough* for the best part of this Summers Campaign, with sufficient of Gold, and what not, in his Pockets, he contracts (amongst other Country-Acquaintance) a great Intimacy with the Minister there. And at length praising the good Air of that Country, and the Sweetness he tasts in the Conversation thereabouts, he desires the Parson (his now Intimate) to inform him of some Purchase of fifty, sixty, or, rather than fail, seventy Pound *per annum* somewhere near there; if a good House upon it so much the better;

other-

otherwiſe it will put him to ſome few Hundreds extraordinary Expence. If any ſuch Purchaſe can be found, he ſhall be gratefully thankful to him: For reſolving to get him ſome Country Seat for a little Summers Retirement from his Fatigue at *London*, he has not met that place in the World that pleaſes him better. The Parſon kindly replied, That truly he did not yet know of any ſuch Purchaſe, but he would make it his Buſineſs to inquire, and inform him accordingly.

It falls out here that he inſinuates into the Converſation of a Country-Gentleman that had a very pretty Daughter, to whom he could give Five hundred Pound Portion. Through his Acquaintance with the Father, he finds Opportunity and Acceſs to the Daughter, and in a little time profeſſes downright Love. Now beſides a great deal of Wit and Senſe in the Daughter, here was a very Judicious and Senſible Man to her Father, and likewiſe a very Ingenious young Gentleman her Brother, all three to be coped with; inſomuch that the higheſt of Prudence ought to be uſed to manage the Amuzement, and fence off all Curioſity and Enquiry, which (conſidering how near *London* lay) might daſh the whole Plot. For that purpoſe he no ſooner declares his Paſſion, but at the ſame time he utterly abjures all Pretentions to a Farthing of Portion, (if he may be ſo happy as to ſucceed in his Love) that truly his Affairs and Circumſtances are far above ſo poor a Thought. Whatever her Father's Goodneſs did or might have intended for her, he is free to keep for the bettering the Fortune of ſo hopeful an Heir of the Family as the young Gentleman her Brother: It is enough that the Poſſeſſion of her dear Perſon is all his Ambition, and if after all his proſperous Ventures both at Sea and Land, to

Crown

Crown his Felicity he can but carry this laſt dear Prize, he has all he wants in this World. Nor is Beauty the only Charm he finds in his dear Miſtreſs, her Vertue is her moſt captivating Perfection. Alas, if he had ſought either Face or Fortune, thoſe were to have been found nearer home, and poſſibly where he was better known, *viz.* in his walks upon the Exchange, and thereabouts whatever perſonal Wants he had, however his other Qualifications would have made him no hard Acceſs to very conſiderable Fortunes. But as his Natural Jealouſie of Town-Beauties had all along made him ſomewhat colder in the choice of a *London* Wife, he declares that the vanquiſhing of his Heart was reſerved only for ſome ſweet Country Innocence, which truly he had never met with till now.

This Declaration carries a very pleaſing Face every way: Here the Daughter for her part has the Heart of a Rich Merchant of ſuch vaſt Eſtate, that her inconſiderable Portion is not worth his Acceptance, and conſequently if ſhe can like the Man, ſhe has all the reaſon in the World to embrace the Addreſſes of ſo qualified a Suitor. Here are Father and Son likewiſe under no occaſion of Complaint, for one is like to ſave Five hundred Pound by the Bargain, and the other to get as much: And therefore 'tis a Match they ought not to oppoſe. And to put all Suſpicions out of their Head, what Reaſons have they to miſ-doubt his being the Man he pretends, for he had then a pretty many Years upon his Back, and therefore unlikely to commit ſo boyiſh a Folly, to take the Luggage of a Wife with never a Groat with her, unleſs he had wherewithal of his own to ſupply that Defect. Beſides, here was all the Appearances poſſible both of Honour and Honeſty in his Daughters *Inamorato*, for more

and

and above the daily Management of his Discourse, and his prompt Answers and Insight to all Affairs in the World, which discovered a Person certainly of publick Business, his Port and Figure he made amongst them, together with the Grandure of his way of Living, confirm'd their intire Belief and Confidence. And to conclude all, who could suspect a Counterfeit that would Cheat for nothing.

During his Courtship he presented his Mistress with a very Rich Gold Watch, and as he gain'd ground not only upon her, but went a great stroke with the Father and Son, who were mighty inclinable to the Match; at last he push'd home, and gain'd the Consent of all Parties concern'd. The Father and Son were of Opinion that they should all go to *London*, and the Wedding and Bedding work should be all done there at his own House in the City. With all his Heart, replied the Spark, only one Inconvenience attended that Proposition: For it would be impossible for him to Marry in *London*, without dragging a great deal of Noise and Trouble at his Heels: For unless he would disoblige more than a Hundred eminent Citizens, his particular Friends (which in Honour he could not well do) he must be forced to make a publick Wedding of it, and so draw on a great deal of Ceremony and Hurry, which truly (might he be chuser) did not agree with his Inclination. Nevertheless, if they so pleas'd, he was ready to acquiesce to their absolute Commands. But otherwise, for prevention of all that, if he might direct, he would desire to divide his Blessings between the Country and City, *viz.* have the Happiness of Marrying her in the Morning at *Slough*, and then have the Honour of their good Companies with him to *London*, and there Bed her at his own House.

This

This appear'd ſo highly reaſonable, that three places are order'd to be taken in the *Windſor* Coach to morrow for *London*, and the Marriage to be ſolemniz'd early before the Coach ſets out. And accordingly our Lovers, who wake with the Lark, are the next Morning devoutly joyn'd together. When the Nuptial Rites were perform'd, and a ſmall Collation prepared before ſetting out, he publickly again declared his Proteſtations againſt all Pretences to a Portion. However, as he had now taken the deareſt Creature in the World into his Arms without any ſuch Claim or Pretention, and the longeſt day of his Life he ſhould maintain her to the higheſt Dignity and Grandure of a City Merchants Lady, as much as if ſhe had brought him Thouſands of her own to do it with; yet as perhaps there might be ſome Wedding-Garments, and other ſmall matters wanting ſuitable to his Bride, he durſt not preſume to make her any Preſent of that kind, leſt poſſible it might be ſome little Indignity and Reflection upon her own Honour in accepting of any ſuch offer; and therefore that part he left to her and her Relations Pleaſure and Diſcretion. He putting them in mind of that neceſſary Point, appeared more like a piece of Gallantry than any thing elſe from him. And thereupon both the Father and Bride take a whiſper privately together, and immediately the Cloſets and Cabinets were rumag'd, and near a hundred Guinea's muſter'd up, and ſtow'd in a ſmall Casket to carry with her to *London*, to rig her in all ample manner accordingly. As they merrily travel along, the Father, Bride and Brother in the Coach, and the Bridegroom *en Cavalier* riding by, taking a little ſtart before 'em upon *Hounſlow-Heath*, he comes back furiouſly galloping to the Coach-ſide, and with much

much Concern bids 'em have a care, for he was certain there were Highway-men before in the Road, and he much fear'd the Coach would be robb'd. This put the Travellers into some small fright, and all of 'em (for the Coach was full) into a very great care how to preserve the small Treasure they had about them. *Nay Gentlemen*, replies the Spark, *for that small matter I have about me, I fear not all the Thieves in Christendom to take from me, for though I profess my self no Sword-man to Fight for it, yet, I thank God, I have a Horse has such a pair of Heels, as I defie any Man in* England *(especially upon this open Plain) to out-ride me.* This Hint made the poor Bride immediately request his securing some small things of hers, and thereupon she gave him her little Casket, and her Gold Watch to carry for her, withal desiring him to speed off the safest way he could, and tarry for the Coach at the *Red Lion* in *Brentford:* Her prudent Example encouraged some other Passengers in the Coach to desire him to do them the like Favour; one Lady in the Coach desired him to secure a Diamond and a Gold Ring of hers, which she took from her Finger; another Gentleman clapt a Purse of near twenty pieces of Gold into his Silver Tobacco-box, and besought him to give it Sanctuary in his Pocket to *Brentford.* In short, some other small matters were presently intrusted to his Protection and Preservation; and so being desired to troop off with all speed, and to meet them at the general Rendezvous aforesaid, our Merchant puts Spurs to his Steed, and the Coach trundles leisurely after him.

At *Brentford* they arrive safely in some little time after, and making a halt at the *Red Lion*, inquiry is made, if a Gentleman so mounted and so dress'd was there. No, answer was made, no such Man

was

was there; but upon examining, the Horſe and the Rider they had deſcribed, that very Gentleman, about half an hour ago, was ſeen to ride almoſt full ſpeed through the Town towards *London*.

The Bridegroom ſo ſtrangely out-riding his Stage, put the whole Company into ſome little Conſternation, but the Bride more eſpecially, it being a matter of no mean Surprize to her, to have a Bridegroom ſo unkind, or ſo Frolickſom at leaſt, to Ramble away from her on her very Wedding-day in ſo odd a manner. A great many ſeveral Deſcants were made upon it by the whole Company; but as all of them happen'd to be ſome ſmall Neighbours to *Slough*, and had either convers'd with this Honourable Merchant during his abode there, or at leaſt had heard of his Fame, it was concluded of all Hands, 'twas only intended as a Jeſt, and ſo they all moved on towards *London*, not doubting in the leaſt but to find it ſo.

When they arrived at *London*, the young Lady, as Guarrantee for her Bridegroom, though ſhe could not well invite them with convenience that Night, beſought all their good Companies to morrow at Dinner with her at her Houſe in *Lime-ſtreet*, there to call their Truſtee to an account, and to laugh out an Afternoon with her upon their Travelling Adventures.

Having thus diſmiſs'd their Fellow-Travellers, a Hackney-Coach is taken to drive to *Lime-ſtreet*: When they came there, and ſuch a Merchants Houſe was asked for, a Name very like it was found in that Precinct, but both the Gentleman and Houſe they inquired for, were utterly Strangers to all the Inhabitants round, and neither that Night nor next whole day could give them any Tale or Tidings of her new Husband. However in all this

utter Darkneſs, as ſhe is left in Ignorance, ſhe has the Comfort to be left in Innocence too, for thanks to her kind Stars there was no Conſummation in the caſe, as much a Wife as ſhe is, ſhe is a Virgin-Bride at leaſt; and as much cheated as they have all been, our young Spouſe has the Satisfaction of that ſingle happy Eſcape to counter-ballance all the reſt of her Loſſes. What Reparation our fair Promiſer made to her Fellow-Sufferers in the Coach, our Story mentions not, but the Father, Son, and Bride, returning by weeping Croſs, they found this Farewel Epiſtle at their arrival at *Slough*.

My Sweet Bride,

AY too Sweet, God wot, to be ſo loſt. Had we but conſummated, my Chicken, had I but got the Virgin-Toy ſign'd and ſeal'd, my Sweeting, it had been a Prize worth all the other Treaſure. But my hard Fate had otherwiſe decreed; and I muſt e'en ſit down by my loſing Bargain. But my Dear, notwithſtanding my abrupt parting, prithee do not conceive hard Thoughts, nor fancy me a Maſquerader; for though my Houſe is removed from Lime-ſtreet, *upon my honeſt word I am a true Merchant, and have hook'd in my Venture. Pray Comfort your Condoling Fellow-Travellers, and aſſure them their Moveables I took into my Protection are all very ſafe, and that I ſhall take all poſſible care in performing my Truſt in keeping them ſo. And now Child, if thy Defeat of a Bed-fellow ſhould ſet thee a-gog for a new Husband, for thy Conſolation let me tell thee, that I am fairly drawn off to make room for a happier Succeſſor; and at thy next Prayers for a Man in thy Tables to fill up the Blot I leave open; thank Heaven thou haſt ſcap'd ſo well, for thou haſt received the firſt Mercy I ever ſhewed thy Sex before; and ſo dear Widow'd Turtle Farewel.*

This

This Adventure ſo luckily concluded, our Wife Merchant takes a little Recreation in *London*, and then tired with Eaſe and Idleneſs, he thinks it high time to look out for new Game. His Rambles have hitherto moſtly lain Weſtward, and his Succeſs he has gotten there, invites him to try his farther Fortune a Field the ſame Road. Down therefore his Galloper and he ſet out, and meeting nothing in the Way worthy his Atchievement, he fixes at laſt at the Town of *Wells*. Here he is a Country Gentleman again, his Name *Bowyer*, Brother to Sir *Charles Bowyer*. This Town happily afforded a Boarding-School for young Girls, where the Fair Recluſes generally are not altogether Nuns Fleſh, and where notwithſtanding the watchful Overſight of thoſe Guardian Dragons the Governeſſes and Super-Intendants, Love too often leaps the Pale, and many a bold *Jaſon* very luckily moves off with a Golden Fleece.

At this Caſtle 'tis reſolved our next Batteries ſhall be levell'd; only all the hardeſt Work here is, the making his Approaches. For that purpoſe he inquires firſt, who and what the Fair Inhabitants are, and the like; where he is ſoon inform'd of ſeveral conſiderable Fortunes amongſt 'em; but moſt of 'em either under Guardianſhip or Parents, and though allyed to pretty conſiderable Effects, the Laſh is in Huckſters Hands. The carrying the Damſel, will not finger the Gold, and our Buſineſs being only to ſnap and away, a lighter Cargo than thoſe unweildy Portions does our Jobb. And accordingly he diſcovers one juſt fizable for his Turn. A Tradeſman's Daughter, her ſmall Portion about 150 *l.* and all in her own Hands, or at leaſt in her own Power, her Parents and Friends all dead, and therefore at her own Diſpoſal, and likewiſe ſome-

thing of the Elderlieſt for a School-miſs, being indeed about 20 Years of Age.

'Tis reſolved then to fix here; and, for a handſome Initiation, his firſt Attak is only from his Eyes; he ſees her firſt at Church, where his whole Devotion is ſo intent upon no other Object, that he gives her Occaſion to obſerve him. His Gentile Equipage, and, in a Stranger too, might very well draw ſome Eyes in a Country Congregation; and this young Devotees were not ſo wholly tyed to her Prayer-Book, but hers might rove a little: She no ſooner ſaw him, but ſhe met a very Paſſionate and Long-wiſhing-Look returned her: If her Curioſity peep'd a ſecond time, ſhe found him in the ſame Poſture, his Eye never off of her. And this he continued Forenoon and Afternoon, in ſuch a manner, that it was impoſſible, even for Indifference it ſelf, not to Remark him.

Next Morning he makes ſome means to get the Company and Ear of one of the Sub-Governants of the School, a Matronly kind of a Tutoreſs. He cannot tell what Malleable Mettal ſhe's made of, and how far ſhe may be tempted to betray a little Truſt. However he reſolves to try. And if ſhe be to be ſhaken, at leaſt he'll uſe the moſt Perſwaſive Arguments to aſſail her.

Accordingly, having firſt beg'd the Favour of a full Hearing, he begins to lay open his Caſe in manner following. Firſt, he diſcovers his Birth and Quality, a Brother to the Honourable Sir *Charles Bowyer*: Secondly, Though a younger Brother, yet provided with a Plentiful Patrimony to keep up the Port of a Gentleman. Then, that yeſterday at Church, he had ſeen the only Sweetneſs upon Earth that he could truly Love: That it was ſome Extraordinary Deſtiny that had brought him thither,

thither, to loſe his Heart to ſo Lovely a Creature: And then telling his Name (which his Love had made him inquire into) the preſent Suit he had, was, to obtain the Converſation of that Sweet Gentlewoman, that he might have the favourable Opportunity of declaring his Paſſion to her; which Acceſs, underſtanding the Strictneſs of the Family in which ſhe now lived, and under what Confinement ſhe lay, he had no Hopes of accompliſhing, but through her Means: And, that if ſhe would vouchſafe to be the kind Inſtrument in gaining him his Requeſt, he ſhould not only be bound to her the longeſt Day of his Life, but likewiſe make her a Gratification ſuitable to ſo ſignal an Obligation. The Gravity of our Tutoreſs ſeem'd a little Surprized at this Motion; but, before ſhe could make any Reply, he continued his Supplication to her; by telling her, That for Heavens ſake ſhe would believe his Intentions to the young Lady were nothing but Honourable, that had his Deſigns been ſo wicked, as to aim at, or over-reach any young Fortune in the Houſe, as ſuch he underſtood there were ſeveral there, he ſhould be the greateſt of Villains. But that Love, and only Love, was his Deſign, was manifeſt in his Addreſſes to this young Gentlewoman, who (as he was inform'd) was but a Tradeſman's Daughter, of little or no Fortune, or at leaſt very inconſiderable to a Perſon of his Circumſtances and Birth; and therefore ſhe had all the Reaſon in the World to believe him a Perſon of Honour and Integrity; and 'twas as ſuch he deſired her to ſerve him in the Requeſt he had made her. She hearing him proteſt ſo heartily, and profeſs ſo honourably, could not but be a little attentive to ſo reaſonable a Suit. But being her ſelf a Woman of Principle, and naturally faithful

to her Truſt, ſhe could not forbear making him this Anſwer: *Sir* (ſays ſhe) *you have the leaſt Reaſon in the World to ſeek my Aſſiſtance in this matter; for if you are that Lover, and that Gentleman you profeſs your ſelf, your Quality and Pretenſions to this young Woman are ſufficient to make your own Way to her, without wanting my Help. What need has a Gentleman of your Fortune and Honour to ſeek to a poor Servant, as I am, to introduce you ſo meanly, as a private Suitor to this young Maid, when you have it in your own Power to make a more Publick Declaration of your Love; and undoubtedly, ſo Qualifi'd as you are, have all Encouragement to hope for Succeſs? If you pleaſe, therefore, I'll tell the Governeſs, and when ſhe ſhall have examined all things requiſite to the Diſcharge of that honeſt Duty, as the Tuition and Care ſhe has undertaken ſhall require of her; ſhe will be ſo far from oppoſing your Acceſs, that certainly you may expect all the fair Reception your Heart can wiſh.* This Anſwer being not the preſent Point we muſt gain, our Squire (before prepared for a Reply) ſeem'd extreamly pleaſed with her for her Fidelity. That truly ſhe was highly to be commended for ſo Conſcientious a Scruple, as to the admitting of a Stranger, as he was, to any thing under her Guardianſhip. And that truly the Advice ſhe had given him, was but very Reaſonable; and that if he ſhould make open Love to this young Gentlewoman, he might poſſibly have Hopes of ſucceeding. And really it was the only Courſe he would take, but for one only Obſtacle, which was, that though indeed, as a younger Brother, he had above 300 *l. per annum* already in good Land of Inheritance, a Competence ſufficient to maintain a Family indifferently well; yet as he was next Brother, and indeed as the preſumptive Heir to Sir *Charles*, an unmarried

married Man of Thouſands a year, and was at preſent tranſacting with him about a conſiderable Addition to his Eſtate, and other very eminent Friendſhips expected from him, he was under an invincible Neceſſity of making an Amour of this kind, one of the greateſt Secrets in the World, leſt his marrying ſo inconſiderably might loſe him his Brother's Favour, and thereby defeat ſo advantageous an Expectation. Not but he loved the young Creature enough to run a thouſand times greater Hazards for obtaining ſo ſweet a Bleſſing: But however, What Folly and Prodigality would it be, to expoſe ſo main a Part of his Well-being to ſo dangerous a Venture, when there was ſo little Occaſion for it? For he, could he reach ſo great a Bleſſing, as to obtain her for his Bride, yet it would be worth his while to make both his Woing and Marriage, for ſome time, an abſolute Secret, for ſo valuable a Conſideration. And he that reſolved to enter into Matrimony, was, in all Duty, bound to take the beſt Meaſures to make a Married Life comfortable, by making the beſt Proviſion to ſupport it with Credit and Reputation. And therefore 'twas, that he was forced to ſupplicate her private Aſſiſtance in the Affair which ſhe could not well blame, under ſo important a Circumſtance; and therefore ſtealing a Brace of Guinea's into her Hand, he once more intreated her to gain him ſome Admittance to the young Ladies Converſation, as ſilently as poſſibly her Goodneſs could contrive. I cannot tell, whether the Arguments, or the Gold, or both together, prevail'd, but to ſhorten the Diſcourſe, 'twas agreed that Evening, an Hour after Sun-ſet, that he ſhould come to the Garden Back-Gate, which was accordingly done.

And not to tire the Reader with the Narration of the Wooing, let it ſuffice that he obtain'd three or four private Meetings, and a little Courtſhip well manag'd prevail'd and conquer'd. By the Aſſiſtance of this Matronly Confident, the Buſineſs is concluded, and the Girl ſteals out one Morning and Marries him. He had not been long Married, but continuing the old Plea of Silence and Secreſie ſo neceſſary on his Brother's account, he gets her to call in her ſmall Portion, for her own uſe, making it his free Wedding-Gift, all to be diſpoſed in buying her Cloaths, and the like; and ſo makes all ſpeed to *London* with her. At *London* he provides her a very genteel Lodging, ſtill leaving all her Portion in her own Cuſtody. He had not kept her Company two days in Town, but he comes home in great haſte and ſurprize, telling her that his Brother, by ſome Accident or other, had heard of his Marriage. But as 'twas impoſſible he ſhould know what Woman he had Married, he had one favour to beg of her which ſhe muſt not deny him, which was, to pretend her ſelf to be a young *Devonſhire* Lady of ſuch a great Family, and ſuch a Fortune: By this means he ſhould win his Brother's Heart, and haſten that additional Settlement, and the other Favours he expected from him; and though indeed it was a little piece of Fraud, which truly he was never guilty of before in all his whole Life; yet conſidering the Advantage ſo Innocent a Deceit might gain them, he conjured her by all their Loves to joyn with him in it, and carry on the Mask till he had gain'd his Point. The poor Creature, ſoon perſwaded, conſents to his Requeſt, promiſing her acting the beſt part ſhe could in the Diſguiſe, ſince it was his Pleaſure and Command to have it ſo.

Having

Having obtain'd her Concurrence in it, he tells her theſe Lodgings were too mean for a Woman of her Birth, and therefore he would preſently take her a fine Houſe at *Greenwich* four Miles out of Town, and have it furniſh'd ſuitable to his and her Quality.

At *Greenwich* a Houſe is inſtantly provided; and what by the Pretentions of this great Match, he ſtrikes in with a confiding Upholſter for a Rich Bed, Tapeſtry Hangings, and very ſumptuous Furniture in moſt ample manner. Nay, he carries it on ſo far as to gain Credit for ſeveral Hogſheads of Wine, which were likewiſe wafted down to *Greenwich*. The young Wife all this while ſeeing him make ſuch ſplendid Proviſion for her, never in the leaſt ſuſpected him for leſs than high Quality, and indeed was utterly Ignorant that all this Gallantry was taken up upon Truſt, and moſtly raiſed upon the noiſe of her vaſt *Devonſhire* Portion that was very ſpeedily to pay for all.

After this Country-Houſe was thus Richly ſet out, pretending Buſineſs one Morning early to *London*, he returns again between Ten and Eleven in great haſte, that truly he had occaſion for about an Hundred Pound, and having laid out more Caſh than his Returns from his Eſtate in the Country could at preſent ſupply him, he deſir'd her to accommodate him with that Sum out of her Money, which in a Fortnight at fartheſt ſhould be made her up again. The poor Girl very readily gave him the Keys of her Cloſet and her Cabinet, deſiring him to take what he wanted. Immediately he goes to the Treaſury, and having not leiſure to ſtay to tell out the Sum, he took the whole Bag, which in Silver and Gold was about 140 *l.* which he would tell over at *London*, and bring back the Remainder, whither

whither he desir'd her Company along with him in the Boat that staid to carry him back. *Yes, with all her heart, if he would please to stay till she dress'd her self*, being then only in her Morning-Gown. No, by no means, he replied, no matter for dressing her self, she was well enough dress'd for that little Company she should see to day. And so without farther Ceremony she trips into the Boat with him, and so away to *London*.

When he came there, and had fix'd her at her old Lodgings, he desir'd her to have a little Patience till his return from *Lombard-street*, where he was going to pay this Money: But before he went, giving her a kind Kiss or two: *Lord, my Dear* (says he) *this plain Wedding-Ring upon thy Finger is too poor for my Wife! I am going to pay this Money to a Gold-smith, and prithee give me thy Ring along with me, and I'll put a Diamond into it.*

The Ring, upon so good an Account, was presently deliver'd him, and a very low Courtzy dropt him for the promis'd Diamond. Away goes Husband, Money, and Ring, and the Wife staying with her old Landlady, waits for the return of her kind Spouse: After a great deal of Patience pretty well tired, and many a Sigh to pass away time, Evening at last draws on, and no Husband appears. To *Greenwich* she dares not return, 'tis now too late at Night, and too dangerous travelling so unseasonably. And so taking a soft Bed, but a hard Nights rest in Town, she gets up early the next Morning for *Greenwich*, where instead of Husband or House, she finds the Furniture, Bedding, nay the very Wine in the Cellar all carried off; and so neither Husband, Money, nor Cloaths, but the loose Undress she had upon her Back; she is left to a whole Deluge of Lamentation, and the King's High-way fair

fair open for her to ſteer back to *Wells*, or what other Hoſpitable Coaſt ſhe could find in the wide World before her.

This Marriage-Trade thriving ſo well with him, he left it not off till he arrived at the number of eighteen Wives; in which ſeveral various Cheats and Diſguiſes were practiſed according to Time, Place and Circumſtance. At *Kedderminſter* he paſs'd for Sir *Charles Bowyer*'s Brother again, and there married an Inn-keeper's Daughter, from whom he hook'd out ſeveral Pounds, beſides ſpunging upon her Father; where he continued a very conſiderable time, and wrought himſelf into that intire Credit with his Father-in-Law, that when ſome of his Neighbours made bold to ask him, How he could repoſe ſo much Confidence in a meer Stranger; and after his Daughter had been ſo long married to him, to make no Inquiry into him all this while? *Inquiry!* (he replied very briskly) *Trouble not your Heads about that Buſineſs; I am very well ſatisfied in him, and know well enough what he is. His Wit and Breeding, and a hundred other genteel Qualities, ſufficiently aſſure me: Nay a Gentleman he muſt be moſt certainly, for I have obſerved him, he will never Dine without a Bottle of Wine.*

In *Holbourn* he courted a Rich Vintner's Widow (but there he was a little higher advanced into the Honourable Family of the *Bowyers*, for then he was Sir *Charles* himſelf) and ſo far tickled her out of her ſmall Reaſon, by the high ſound of a Ladiſhip, that the Wedding-cloaths were making. Nay he took her along with him to a Gold-ſmiths in *Cheap-ſide*, to beſpeak a very large quantity of Plate, amounting to about 200 *l.* No ſooner did he enter the Gold-ſmith's Shop, but he kindly ſhook him by the Hand, and gave him ſo many familiar How-do-yees, as if he had

had been his long and intimate Acquaintance; where beſpeaking ſo much Plate, and ſuch a Coat of Arms to be engraved upon it, the day was ſet when it was to be call'd for. Before that day he was to receive 600 *l.* from his Steward in the Country, which he had ſent for up to pay for this Plate, and other neceſſary Nuptial-Habiliments. But the day drawing on, a Letter comes up by the Poſt from his Steward, intimating, That amongſt all his Tenants, he could at preſent raiſe but 150 of the 600 *l.* he deſired, and truly that ſmall Pittance he did not think fit to return up, till he could make it a larger Sum, *&c.* This Letter was receiv'd in his Miſtreſſes preſence, and the Knight ſo enraged at his Steward's Neglect, that he fell into a very great Paſſion to be ſo defeated of his Expectation, eſpecially at ſo critical a Juncture. The kind Widow ſeeing him ſo concern'd, deſir'd him not to be troubled at it, for if his preſent Occaſions requir'd, ſhe was very willing to furniſh him with it; and in fine, lent him 200 Guinea's to fetch home the Plate. But neither was the Plate ſent home, nor Knight or Guinea's ever ſeen afterwards. The Widow ſomewhat impatient, trips away to the Gold-ſmith, to inquire if he had been there, and being anſwer'd in the Negative, ſhe ask'd him if he were not acquainted with Sir *Charles*? What Sir *Charles*? Sir *Charles Bowyer* that beſpoke the Plate. Truly not he; for to his beſt knowledge, he never ſaw him before that day. *How*, replies the Widow, *never ſaw him before, when he knew you ſo well, talk'd ſo familiarly with you, diſcourſed of ſo many Affairs relating to your ſelf, that I durſt have ſworn he had known you this ſeven Years, and dealt in at leaſt a thouſand Pounds with you. Yes*, replied the Gold-ſmith, *all this familiarity he expreſs'd, which as much*

ſurpriz'd

ſurpriz'd me as it does you: But it was none of my buſineſs to inquire of a Cuſtomer how he came ſo acquainted with my Concerns, or why he treated me ſo courteouſly at firſt ſight: He laid me down Earneſt in part for my Plate, and if 'tis your pleaſure to pay me the remainder, the Plate is forth-coming. But when or where the Gentleman can be found forth-coming, that you know better than I; for as I told you, he is a Perſon I never ſaw before nor after.

To proſecute the full Relation of all his Wooings and Marriages, would be dwelling too long upon one kind of Subject, and therefore not ſo divertiſing to the Reader; for which Reaſon we have ſelected only theſe, as moſt entertaining of all his Amours.

After he had accompliſh'd near a Score of Marriages, he neatly counterfeited a Bill for 700 *l.* drawn upon an eminent Citizen; and ſo well manag'd all Conduct and Matters relating to it, that he receiv'd the Mony. But what with his Wives, and this laſt grand Cheat, he began to think little *England* would ſoon be too hot for him. And therefore buying three very gallant Horſes, and Equipage and Accoutrements ſuitable, he got him croſs the Herring-pond, and went a Volunteer to the Duke of *Monmouth*, then before *Maſtricht*: His buſineſs here was more Flouriſh and Bravado, than any great Feats of War, any Martial Wonders he intended to perform. In *Flanders* he made a pretty long Campaign, for he ſtirred not from thence till all his Mony was ſpent; and at length, when his dwindling Stock was ſo ſmall, that his very Horſes Heads grew a little too big, for a new Supply he converted them into ready Mony; and when that laſt Stake was almoſt run out, and he had juſt enough left to land him ſafe upon Engliſh Ground again, he returned for *London*, and there ſetting in again at his old Play of Wiving, he

he Wooes a Parson's Daughter of 500 *l.* Portion, and by virtue of the great Name of Sir *Charles Bowyer*, and other winning Arts he used, he Married her, and gain'd so far upon her Father, that he got One Hundred Pound in part of the Five into his Clutches. But not satisfied with that Modicum, but resolving to gripe the whole remainder too, he takes a House for her at *Hampstead*, where he lived some time very kindly with her, still plying her Father with all the softest and tendrest Management, to hook in the 400 *l.*

But here, as Fortune will not always Smile, a Turn of her Wheel gives him a little stop to the Current of his Felicities: His *Ludlow* Wife had made no little Out-cry with her Wrongs, and amongst other Search and Inquiries comes up to *London*, being the last place she has to make her Quest after this Impostor and Monster, for those are the gentlest Names her Sufferings and Resentments can give him. She has a great Opinion that *Newgate* or *Newgate*-Roll, or some other such Chronicles of his Renown, will give her some light into his Life and Fortune; and perhaps the Justice of Heaven afford her a sight of him at least, if not a power to execute Heavens and her Just Vengeance on so egregious a Reprobate.

Her Inn being at *Holbourn-bridge*, she lights into the Company of a good Motherly Woman just come from *Oxford-shire*; the Sorrow in so young a Face, and the swoln Eyes which were not yet dried, the Fountain being indeed Inexhaustible, the Curiosity of the elder Traveller made bold to ask her the cause of so doleful a Look, *&c.* The young one (who now had no Reserves) plainly told her whole Sufferings: To which the Matron replied, *Alas young Woman, what are your Griefs to mine? I have*

been

been many Years the Wife of the most Infamous Miscreant that the Earth ever bore; deserted and abandon'd by the wickedest of Men, after long Years of Honest and Loyal Fidelity to his Bed, and exposed to Perish (which you, thanks to able Friends, need not fear) &c. with a great deal more bitter Invectives against him. Till at last upon further conferring of Notes, and describing of Characters and Persons, they came to jump together, and found themselves both abused by the very same Monster, the eldest being indeed his old *Banbury* Wife. What Amazement this Accident produced may easily be conjectured, it will be enough to tell you, that the Anguish of both their Souls, and the Bitterness of Gall on each side, made them Swear an inviolable Friendship, determining to search (if possible) the whole World, to hunt down this Devil. Accordingly they take a Lodging a little higher in *Holbourn*, where making no secret of both their hard cases, they open their whole Souls to their new Landlady, to engage her assistance in the Quarrel. The Landlady, transported at both their Narrations, fell upon her Knees, and bless'd God he had sent them to her House, for this Lucifer they had described, was certainly the very Man that next Week was to Marry her Daughter. This Surprize put them all into new Confusion, and the Daughter being called to the Council, it was evident that this very Fellow had made Love to the Daughter of the House, the day of Marriage concluded, the Ring and Wedding-Cloaths preparing, &c. This last Deliverance made the poor old Woman, and the Daughter no less, melt into Tears at this happy Discovery.

Well, 'tis agreed between them all, that they shall not stir till he comes thither, which will be in twenty four Hours at most; and all their united Vengeance,

Vengeance, Constables, Warrants, and what not, shall be prepar'd for his Reception.

This Resolution was heartily fix'd amongst them, only the *Banbury* Wife would that Evening take a walk to a Cousins, a Citizen, where she had some important Affairs, but nothing should stay her abroad above an Hour; she had not walk'd half a Furlong, but Destiny, or some other ruling Power, threw her full in the Mouth of her Husband; her Passion at sight of him rose so high, that at first it could not find vent for words; which he perceiving, desir'd her to walk into a Tavern which was just before them, and there recover her Confusion. You may conceive she was very ready to accept the Invitation, her Stomach being so full, that 'twas the only thing she wanted to have her full swing at him. The Discourse of her part you may well guess at; but his Answer was so tender, and his Confession so open, that at last she grew patient enough to hear him out. He plainly told her all he had done, or at least the greatest part: That it was only the Effects of his Wants and Necessities; that now he had raised enough to re-establish him in the World; that the Hony-Moon of Love had been almost over between them; and that if he had made any Lapse in Disloyalty to her Marriage-Right, it was not Infidelity but Interest that had enforced him to all. And so shewing her handfuls of Gold and Silver, he humbly intreated a Reconciliation betwixt them. Which good Words and Address at last so perfectly obtain'd, that he perswaded her to send for all her Houshold-Goods, and to live with him somewhere in the Liberties of *Westminster*, where disguising his Name, and amending his Faults, he doubted not, through his Practice, to recover a plentiful Being, and maintain her like a Woman.

The

The poor Creature, abſolutely mollified, promiſes Fidelity to him; and never returning to her new Lodging, takes him along with her, defeating the whole Vengeance that was hatching againſt him; and not ſtirring from him till all her Goods were come up from *Banbury*, and a new Houſe furniſh'd with them. She had not liv'd there three days, till finding a Goſſiping Errand for her to keep her from home a whole day, at her return at Night to Bed, ſhe finds neither Husband nor Goods, Bed to lye, or Stool to ſit upon; the whole Houſe being utterly diſmantled, and nothing but Nakedneſs and empty Walls to receive her.

This laſt Cruelty of her Barbarian, made her almoſt run ſtark Mad, and returning to her *Holbourn* Lodging, to own her Frailty in believing an Infidel, and the Juſt Judgment that had befaln her upon it, ſhe found the poor *Ludlow* Mourner departed; and all her Relief left, was to return to *Banbury* to live upon the Alms of the Pariſh.

This Libertine Life of our Renegade, did not long continue, till found at laſt by the *Ludlow* Wife he was thrown into *Worceſter* Jail; from thence by *Habeas Corpus* (at the Charge of a Parſon in *Southwark*, whoſe Daughter he had likewiſe married) removed to *Newgate*; and upon an Indictment of ſix Wives appearing againſt him, being then Tried by the Name of *Morrell* alias *Bowyer* (a Name of a worthy Perſon of Quality, for perſonating of whom he had ſtood in the Pillory) he pleaded Guilty to thoſe ſix and twelve more, and thereby received only the Puniſhment of a Squeeze in the Fiſt. Nevertheleſs, the Judges were pleaſed ſo far to commiſerate the unhappy poor Women he had undone, but eſpecially the Parſon's Daughter, that they gave her leave to lay an Action upon him of

5000 *l.* by virtue of which, being ſtill detain'd a Priſoner, he remov'd himſelf to the *Kings-Bench*: Here being kept within the Goal, he behav'd himſelf ſo winningly, that he gain'd ſome Favour with the then Marſhal, and had now and then the liberty to peep abroad. Improving and advancing in the farther good Graces of the Marſhal, he obtain'd at laſt that extraordinary Credit from him, that himſelf and three or four more Priſoners, were one day permitted to take a little Ramble to a Merry-making, ſome little way out of Town; which lucky ſlip of their Necks from the Collar, they took that wiſe care to make ſo good uſe of, that neither our Sir *Charles*, nor his Fellow-Travellers, the Maſter or Mates, ever return'd again. This eſcape made ſuch a Clamour, that 100 *l.* Reward was ſet upon his Head, if to be caught in *England*. But this Purſuit ſoon cooled, for upon the change of Marſhal, which ſoon follow'd, the Cauſe dropt, and he had full freedom to creep from his Covert, and turn Practitioner at his old Craft again; his Deliverance being in a manner compleat, and his 5000 *l.* and the reſt of his Load diſcharged.

After his Heels were at liberty, his Pocket run but low; and he was forc'd to truckle to little Shifts, to put him in Stock again. His Pranks are ſcarce to be numbred, nor dare we pretend to trace them ſucceſſively; and therefore we ſhall not tye our ſelves up to Time and Order.

For one of his common Feats, he got him a large Seal-Ring, and ſeveral other Gold Rings, all variety, as Plain, Mourning, and Enamel'd, value together about 4 *l.* with theſe, by Confederacy, he would ſham an Arreſt upon himſelf by a couple of Marſhal's Men, and being hurried into ſome Ale-houſe, he would call for the Landlord, pretend himſelf a Tradeſ-

Tradeſman and Houſe-keeper as far as *Wapping*, *Stepney*, or ſome ſuch remote place; then opening his Grievance, that he was Arreſted for 40 or 50 *s.* and being too far from home to ſend for Mony, he deſir'd the Landlord to carry his Rings to the next Gold-ſmith, and ſee what he valued them at: The Landlord returns with the Rings, and tells him, the Gold-ſmith would give him ſomething above 3 *l.* for them: Upon this, he deſires the Landlord to pleaſure him with 50 *s.* upon that Pledge, and he would come himſelf, or ſend (by ſuch a Token) the Mony the next day, and redeem them. The Landlord, ready to aid a Man in his Diſtreſs, in ſo reaſonable a requeſt, lends the Mony, whilſt inſtead of the Gold Rings, he puts the Legerdemain, and leaves him a ſet of Braſs ones well Gilt, ſhap'd, enamel'd, *&c.* to a tittle, in every point reſembling the true Rings; and worth about Half-a-Crown.

One Day about high Noon he came to the *Poultry-Compter* Gate, wanting a Serjeant to execute an Attachment for him: So giving him his Inſtructions and Fee, he deſires him and his Yeoman to follow him to ſuch an Ale-houſe in *Leaden-Hall-Street*, where he would wait for them. To the Ale-houſe he goes, and takes a Lower Room which look'd into the Street, where calling for a Tankard of Ale, and ſoon after ſpying the Bum and his Follower approaching, he whips out of his Codpiece a Pewter Tankard, ſlaps the Drink into it, and returns the Silver one into his Breeches. As ſoon as they enter'd, and ask'd him for the Gentleman, he told them he would croſs the Way, and ſee if he had dined yet, and come over, and call them immediately to do their Office. Out he trips, and there being a Thorough-fair over the Way, neatly conveighs himſelf off; till at laſt, the

Serjeant waiting beyond his Patience, calls for the Landlord, and deſires him to fill the Tankard again. *Fill the Tankard* (quoth the Hoſt) *what Tankard! This is non of mine. My Tankard is a Silver one. How, a Silver Tankard* (replies our Mancatcher.) This was all the Tankard in the Room ſince he came there. That wont ſerve turn: Their Comerogue and Confederate that had left them, had a Tankard of him, price 6 *l.* 10 *s.* and Tankard, or ſo much Money muſt be found before they parted. A great many hard Words roſe on both ſides; but in fine, the Attacher himſelf was now under Attachment, and moved not off, till a Reckoning of 6 *l.* an Angel, and ſome odd Pence, was diſcharged.

At *Woolwich* he pretended to be a Doctor of Phyſick, and profeſs'd an infallible Remedy he had for the Gout. A Gentleman, an Inhabitant there, long afflicted with that Diſtemper, retained him as his Phyſician: but his grand Receipt requiring a Fortnights Preparation, he ſqueezes ſome Money out of him for Materials to the Operation, and puts ſeveral Earthen Pots, with the pretended Ingredients, for Fourteen Days under Ground, againſt which time the expected Effects were to be produced. But it ſo unhappily fell out, that before the Elixir came to perfection, he was arreſted by the Name of *Bowyer*, and thrown into the *Marſhalſea*. The fourteen Days expired, and the Doctor in Durance, the Patient made bold to dig for the Treaſure, and examine the Pots; where, to his great Satisfaction, in each Pot he found about half a dozen ſtraggling Maggots, which indeed was their whole Contents: But what Cures they wrought our Hiſtory mentions not.

Between five and six Years since, he tries one Touch more at Marrying, but truly not so high a Flier as formerly, he contents himself to lay Siege to *Nan*, the Cook-Maid at the *Castle-Tavern* at *Fetter-lane* end; and to attack her in no less formidable a Figure than the old Sir *Charles* still. So Worshipful a Matrimonial Suitor (you may imagin) tickled her not a little, for the Title of a Ladiship could not but make a strange rumbling in a Kitchin-stuff-pot. The poor Girl was soon inclinable to listen to such potent Love. Our Sir *Charles* makes quick work on't; and though her kind Master and Mistress daily laugh'd at her for fancying him in earnest with her. Our Lover was so well furnish'd with Rhetorick to set her to rights again, and so absolutely perswaded her, that he meant nothing more than to marry her, that at last she contrived to feign her self Sick, whilst her Knight, under pretence of a Condoling Visit, was to steal her down Stairs, and march off with her. This Plot taking effect, he kept her out ten or twelve days; in which time he wheedled her out of all the Mony she could raise in the World, being about the Sum of Twelve Pounds: But when he had drained all he could get from her, at last he began to grow so cold to her, that he denied her one Morning a Pennyworth of Milk; which being no longer able to bear, she returned to her Master with a very sad Heart, much wailing the Barbarity she had receiv'd, and the Ruin she suffer'd. At the return of poor *Nancy*, the Knight was flown; and though unsuspected before, now her Master and Mistress with good Reason believ'd him a Cheat; and being concern'd for vindicating the Injuries of their Servant, they dogg'd him at last into *White-Friers*; and fetching him out thence by a Constable and Warrant,

he was committed to Goal, tried for an Impoſtor, and ſtood in the Pillory before their Door.

One very notorious Cheat was much in uſe with him within a Twelve-month before his Death: For inſtance, He comes one Morning to an eminent Tavern in *Holbourn* near *Hatton-Garden*-end, his Habit a plain Country-man, with an Oyl-skin Hat, a ſhabby Perriwig, a large Buff Belt round his Waſte, a pair of Boots without Tops, a Whip in his Hand, and a Hundred-Pound-Bag under his Arm: Here he bargains for a Hogſhead of Sack to be ſent into the Country; whilſt the Carr-man is loading his Wine, he pretends very urgent Buſineſs he had to do before the Carrier goes out of Town, inſomuch that he cannot well ſtay and pay for his Wine; for which reaſon he deſires the Maſter to lay up his Bag of Mony for him, till he can call in the Afternoon and reckon with him; but firſt taking out (for a blind) a handful of Mony, between thirty or forty Shillings for preſent occaſion, he ſeals up the Bag again, and leaves the reſt in the Vintner's hands.

And now reſolved to play the Good-husband, and do two Jobbs with one trouble, whilſt the Carr is loading, he goes to a Linnen-Drapers in *Newgate-ſtreet*, where he buys a parcel of Linnen near 30 *l.* and as the Carr-man comes bye, he packs up the Linnen, and mounts it into the Carr. Here pretending his old haſte, with another hundred Pound Load under his Arm, he plays the former Prank, and gives the Draper the Bag too. Now no Country-man coming to reckon (as promiſed) they both make bold the next day to unſeal their Treaſure, and ſee what Security they had in their Cuſtody; when to their great Surprize, they found a parcel of new Half-pence ſtow'd round the Bag, with

with a leſſer Bag in the belly on't, fill'd with Fragments of old Iron. This Prank was hitherto pretty well carried, but Fortune of late Years a meer Jade to him, had a very unhappy After-game to play him: For the Vintner and Draper happening to meet together, to condole Loſſes and confer Notes, they chanced to remember, that one of the Carr-man's Steeds was a remarkable pie-ball'd Horſe. Hereupon making inquiry amongſt the Fraternity of Carr-men, by the Marks and Tokens of that Horſe, they found out the very Man that drove off the Chattels; who what by Threats and other perſwading Arguments, they prevail'd to lead them at laſt to a Houſe in the Mint, where the Wine and the Drapery were both lodg'd. Here they made a ſhift to recover the whole Prize, excepting about five Pounds worth already embezell'd, being pretty well content to ſit down by no greater loſs.

In much the like manner, and much ſuch a Habit, he came to a Cutlers in *Fleet-ſtreet*, and leaving ſuch another Bag there, under pretence of ſhewing ſome Swords to his Maſter at a Coffee-houſe hard by, he carried off three ſilver Swords.

For the ſame Feat of Activity, he came to a Coffee-houſe adjacent to *Pater-Noſter-Row*, where the Maſter of the Houſe was a Tailor, whoſe Company and Advice he intreated, deſiring him to go along with him to ſome of the Mercers in the *Row*, to look upon ſome rich Silks which he wanted, for a Country-Gentleman's (his Maſter) and a young Ladies Wedding-cloaths; the Tailor, in kindneſs, handed him once or twice to ſeveral Shops: But one Morning, leaving his Bag behind him at the Coffee-houſe, he went alone to a Mercers, a corner Shop in the *Row*; where he cheapning ſome rich

Stuffs, flower'd with Silver and Gold, a Haberdasher of Small Wares passing by, and happening to set Eye upon our Chapman, made bold to lay hands upon him, and carry him off to the *Cock* in *Amen-corner*; his Charge against him was, for leaving him the Bag too for about thirty Pounds in small Wares. But noise and crowd coming about him, fearing that other Complaints might appear against him, and so load him heavier than possibly he might be able to stand under, our Haberdasher wisely resolving to take care of no body but himself, danc'd him from House to House, till his Country-Chapman could raise Effects to make him Satisfaction; and so having, with much ado, hook'd in his own Bet, he turn'd him loose again, for the other open mouths against him, to take as fair a Hunt for him as he had done. After this mortifying Adventure, whether out of a Principle of Modesty, a Virtue not often in fashion with him, or some other Forgetfulness, the Bag left in the Coffee-house was never call'd for from that day to this; and keeping of it about three Months seal'd, at last they ventur'd to break it open, in which they found about six Shillings in new Half-pence, and a lesser Bag fill'd with pieces of old Iron, a great deal of which, as Memorials of his Renown, they have kept by them for Relicks.

About the Year 1672. he pretended to a great Estate in *Northamptonshire*, and carried it on so far, as to borrow four hundred Pounds upon the Mortgage of it, of a *Hampshire* Gentleman. At *Hannington* likewise in *Hampshire* he married a Ministers Daughter, and enter'd into Bond and Judgment of a Thousand Pound to Jointure her in fifty Pound a Year, by which he got Two hundred and fifty Pound out of her Father, as part of her Portion.

In

In *Piccadilly*, about five Years ſince, he went to a Horſe-Courſers to buy a Horſe, and after he had bargain'd for, and bought him, he deſir'd to back him to try his Goings, and rode off with him before the Horſe-Courſer's Face, and ſold him in the Country for four Pounds.

But now to hand our great Maſter Actor off the Stage, we muſt bring him to his *Exit*: Some few days before *Chriſtmas* he came to one Mr. *Cullin*'s a Baker in the *Strand* to ſeek him a Lodging, his Habit but indifferent, and his Stock not above Two Shillings, pretending himſelf to be a Perſon of Worth and Honour, *viz. Humphrey Wickham* of *Swakely* in the County of *Oxon* Eſq; a Perſon whoſe Name and Reputation was well known to Mrs. *Cullin*, being born not far from him, which contributed much to the ſwallowing of the Impoſture. His Pretence for leaving his Family in the Country, and living here *Incognito*, was occaſion'd (he ſaid) to avoid the Payment of 500 *l.* which he ſtood engag'd for, and for which the Principal had left him in the lurch; and which he had made a raſh Vow he would not pay.

Mr. *Cullin*'s Family thus impoſed upon, ſupplied all his Wants, and paid him the due Reſpects to the Quality he perſonated, till falling Sick, on the 28th of *December* he made a Will as follows.

His WILL.

IN the Name of God, Amen. *I* Humphrey Wickham *of* Swaclift *in the County of* Oxon, *Eſq; being Sick and weak in Body, but of ſound Mind and Memory, do make this my laſt* WILL *and* TESTAMENT, *revoking all Wills by me formerly made:*

And

And as touching ſuch Worldly Eſtate as God hath been pleaſed to bleſs me withal, I do hereby give and bequeath the ſame in manner following.

Imprimis, *I do give, deviſe, and bequeath, to my Kinſman* William Wickham, *of* Gazington *in the County of* Oxon, *all that my Manſion-Houſe of* Swaclift *aforeſaid; and all the Lands, Tenements, and Hereditaments thereunto belonging, to hold unto him the ſaid* William Wickham, *and his Heirs for ever.*

Item, *I give and bequeath unto* John Cullin, *Son of* Thomas Cullin, *of the Pariſh of St.* Clement Danes, *in the County of* Middleſex, *Baker, all that my impropriated Parſonage of* Sowgrate *in the County of* Northampton, *with the Rents, Iſſues, and Profits thereof.*

Item, *I give unto* Anne Cullin, *Siſter of the ſaid* John Cullin, *the Sum of Two hundred and fifty Pounds.*

Item, *I give unto* Thomas Cullin, *Son of the ſaid* Thomas Cullin, *the Sum of Three hundred Pounds.*

Item, *I give unto* Dorothy Halford *of* Halford, *in the County of* Warwick, *the Sum of Two hundred Pounds.*

Item, *I give unto* Richard Davis, *Son of* William Davis, *of the ſaid Pariſh of St.* Clement Danes, *the Sum of Four hundred Pounds.*

Item, *I give unto* William Davis, *Son of the ſaid* William Davis, *the Sum of Two hundred Pounds.*

Item, *I give unto* Anne Fowkes, *for her Care and Diligence in looking after me in my Sickneſs, the Sum of One hundred Pounds.*

Item, *I give unto* Robert Croker, *Son of* William Croker *of* Sanford *in the ſaid County of* Oxon (*being my God-ſon*) *the Sum of Five hundred Pounds.*

Item, *I give unto the ſaid* William Croker *the Sum of Five hundred Pounds.*

Item, *I give unto* Robert Penniſton, *Son of Sir* Thomas Penniſton, *and younger Brother to Sir* Farmalis Penniſton

Penniſton *of* Cornhill, *in the ſaid County of* Oxon, *the Sum of Three hundred Pounds.*

Item, *I give unto Mrs.* Jane Penniſton, *Siſter of the ſaid Mr.* Robert Penniſton, *the Sum of Two hundred Pounds.*

Item, *I do hereby give, deviſe, and bequeath, all my Lands, Tenements, and Hereditaments whatſoever, called by the name of* Apple-tree Ducy, *in* Cropridee, *in the County of* Northampton, *unto* John Brooking *of* Raſhly, *in the County of* Devon, *Eſq; and the ſaid* William Davis *Sen. and* Thomas Cullin *Sen. and the Survivor of them, and their Heirs, and the Survivor of them upon Truſt and Confidence. Nevertheleſs, that they the ſaid* John Brooking, William Davis, *and* Thomas Cullin, *ſhall ſell and diſpoſe of the ſame; and out of the Mony thereby raiſed, pay, or cauſe to be paid, the reſpective Legacies herein before bequeathed unto the ſaid* Anne Cullin, Thomas Cullin *Jun.* Dorothy Halford, Richard Davis, William Davis *Jun. and* Anne Fowkes. *And whereas I have herein before bequeathed unto my Kinſman* William Wickham, *and his Heirs, all my Manſion-houſe at* Swaclift *aforeſaid, with the Lands, Tenements, and Hereditaments thereunto belonging; my true Will and Meaning is, That the ſame Deviſe is upon this ſpecial Truſt and Confidence, That the ſaid* William Wickham *ſhall pay, or cauſe to be paid, the ſeveral Legacies herein before bequeathed unto the ſaid* Robert Croker *and* William Croker, Robert Penniſton *and* Jane Penniſton; *and alſo pay and diſcharge one Bond for the Principal Sum of Five hundred Pounds, with Intereſt, which I became bound for with* Thomas Walker, *to one* Thomas Irons, *any thing herein before contained, to the contrary thereof in any wiſe notwithſtanding; and alſo that he the ſaid* William Wickham, *ſhall out of his Legacy, and Lands, and Premiſes aforeſaid, to him deviſed,*

devised, pay, or cause to be paid unto my Executors hereafter named, the Sum of Five hundred Pounds, to be by them bestowed, distributed, or employ'd for the use and benefit of the Poor of the Parish of Swaclift *aforesaid, in such manner as they, or the major part of them, shall think fit and convenient.*

Item, *I give and bequeath unto the said* John Brooking *out of the Monies that shall be raised of the Sale of the Lands and Tenements, called* Apple-tree Ducy *aforesaid, the Sum of Five hundred Pounds: And all the rest and residue of the Monies that shall be thereby raised, I do hereby give and bequeath unto the said* William Davis *Sen. and* Thomas Cullin *Sen. to be equally divided between them and the Survivor of them.*

Item, *I give and bequeath unto* Alice Cullin, *Wife of the said* Thomas Cullin *Sen. the Sum of Six hundred Pounds to her own proper Use and Disposal.*

Item, *I give and bequeath in like manner the Sum of Six hundred Pounds unto* Jane Davis, *the Wife of the said* William Davis.

Item, *I give unto the said* Robert Croker *and* William Croker, *the Sum of Ten Pounds a-piece to buy them Mourning; and also to each of them a Ring of Twelve Shillings.*

Item, *I give unto* Jane Croker *and* Mary Croker, *and also to the said* Robert Pennifton *and* Jane Pennifton, *and all other my Legatees herein before mentioned, and to every of them, the Sum of Ten Pounds a-piece to buy them Mourning, and a Ring of Twelve Shillings.*

Item, *Whereas I have the Sum of Seven hundred Pounds lying at Interest in the hands of Mr.* Ambrose Holbitch, *in the name of* Oliver Charles *my Servant, I do hereby give and bequeath the same to and amongst my Four Servants,* Oliver Charles, John Harber, Sarah Winn *and* Margery Smith, *and the Survivor of*

of them, to be equally divided amongſt them, ſhare and ſhare a-like.

Item, *I give and bequeath my three Geldings, and all my Accoutrements belonging to them, unto the ſaid* John Brooking, William Davis *Sen. and* Thomas Cullin *Sen.* viz. *my Bright Bay Gelding to the ſaid* Thomas Cullin, *and my Black Gelding to the ſaid* William Davis, *and my Dapple-grey Gelding to the ſaid* John Brooking. *All the Arrears of Rent in my Tenants Hands at the time of my Deceaſe, I do hereby freely acquit and diſcharge. And all the reſt and Reſidue of my Perſonal Eſtate, not herein before deviſed, after my Debts, Legacies and Funeral Expences, paid and diſcharged, I do hereby give and bequeath unto my ſaid Kinſman* William Wickham.

And, laſtly, I do hereby nominate, conſtitute and appoint the ſaid William Wickham, John Brooking, William Davis *Sen. and* Thomas Cullin *Sen. Executors of this my Will; hereby revoking and making void all other, and former Will or Wills by me made.*

In Witneſs whereof I the ſaid Humphrey Wickham *have to this my laſt Will, containing one ſide of a Sheet of Paper, and almoſt half the back thereof, ſet my Hand and Seal this Twentieth day of* December, Anno Dom. 1691.

Humphrey Wickham.

Signed, Sealed, Publiſhed and Declared in the preſence of us, with the words (William Wickham) *being firſt interlined,* Rob. Smith, Jo. Chapman, Rich. Chapman, Mart. Pinckard.

I, *the above-named* Humphrey Wickham, *having omitted out of my Will above-mentioned, the Diſpoſition of my Eſtate in* Huntingtonſhire, *do hereby make this Addition to, and part of my ſaid Will, in manner following:*

following: I give and bequeath all my Lands, Tenements and Hereditaments, called Pryor's *Farm, and all other my Eſtate in* Holly-well *and* Needingworth, *unto the above-named* John Brooking, William Davis *Sen. and* Thomas Cullin *Sen. and the Survivor of them, and their Heirs, and the Heirs of the Survivor of them, under this ſpecial Truſt and Confidence, that the ſaid* John Brooking, William Davis, *and* Thomas Cullin, *ſhall ſell and diſpoſe of the ſame; and out of the Monies thereby raiſed, pay, or cauſe to be paid, the reſpective Legacies hereafter named,* viz. *I give and bequeath to* Humphrey Longford *the Sum of Six hundred Pounds, and to his Siſter* Mary Longford *the like Sum of Six hundred Pounds.*

Item, *I give and bequeath unto the ſaid* Thomas Cullin *Sen. the further Sum of Eight hundred Pounds; and all the Remainder of the Monies thereby raiſed, I give and bequeath unto the ſaid* William Davis *Sen. and* Jane *his Wife, and the Survivor of them.*

Item, *Whereas I have by Will above-ſaid, given unto* John Cullin, *Son of the ſaid* Thomas Cullin, *the impropriated Parſonage of* Sowgrave; *my true meaning is, That I do give and deviſe the ſame to the ſaid* John Cullin *and his Heirs for ever. In witneſs whereof, I the ſaid* Humphrey Wickham *have to this Codicil Addition, or further part of my ſaid Will, ſet my Hand and Seal, this* Twenty eighth *day of* December, Anno Dom. 1691.

Humphrey Wickham.

Signed, Sealed, Publiſhed and Declared in the preſence of us, Robert Smith, John Chapman, Richard Chapman, Martin Pinkard. *Probatum fuit,* &c.

This ſtupendious Confidence of a dying Man is very amazing, nay he drove on the Maſquerade at that ſtrange rate, that he may be truly ſaid to have ended

ended as he began, having received the Bleſſed Sacrament, pretended the Settlement of his Conſcience, and making Peace with Heaven with that ſeeming Sincerity, as if he had reſolved to prevaricate with God with the ſame Aſſurance he had all along done with Mankind. The Credulity of theſe deluded Perſons, his Landlord and the reſt, is not much to be wonder'd at, when the laſt Gaſps of Death could carry ſo fair an Hypocriſie, and their Tranſports for his extravagant Legacies bequeathed them, are rather to be pitied than ridicul'd. And if they have been faulty in any little Over-fondneſs of their imaginary good Fortune, the Jeſts and Gibes they have received, have been their ſufficient Puniſhment; beſides Mr. *Cullin*'s being run out of above 30 *l.*

After his Death care was taken to provide him a Coffin of about 10 *l.* value, and the Embalmers were paid for ſome of their Office of preſerving him Sweet, till Preparations for a ſolemn and ſumptuous Funeral could be made, ſuitable to the remains of the honourable Deceaſed. And this Letter was ſent as follows.

SIR,

THESE ſerve to inform you, that Humphrey Wickham *Eſq; of* Swaclift *in the County of* Oxon, *died this Morning at my Houſe, where he has been about ten days: He has made his Will, and you are one of his Executors with me and others: A very great ſhare of his Eſtate is given to you; therefore pray Sir ſpeed to* London, *that we may take care of his Funeral, and other matters neceſſary to be done upon this occaſion.*

I think it may not be amiſs that you keep this private, leſt any thing may be Purloined or Imbezelled by

any

any of the Deceased's Servants, or any else at his Seat at Swaclift, *which is all given to you, some Legacies thereout to be paid: I am, Sir, your Servant*

Thomas Cullin.

London, January 3. 1691.

From my House at the Wheat-sheaf near St. *Clement's* Church over against *Arundel-street, Strand.*

To Mr. *William Wickham* of *Gazington*, inquire at the Blew Boars Head in *Oxon.*

These following Lines were inclosed from the aforesaid Executors in the said Letter, being left by the Deceased.

WHereas, I Humphrey Wickham *Esq; in Company with my own Man* John Harbert, *and* John Austin *Son of* Nicholas Austin, *did carry a black Hogs-skin Trunk, marked with the Letters* H. W. 1688. *Wherein are the Deeds of my Estate at* Sowgrave *and* Apple-tree Ducy; *these are to desire you to deliver them to the Executors, signed with his own Name thus*

Humphrey Wickham.

Memorandum, *That there are two Mortgages in the hands of* Austin, *the one for* 1400 l. *and the other for* 400 l. *in the name of* Oliver Charles, *in the hands of Mr.* Ambrose Holbech.

In answer to this Letter came a Gentleman from *Oxford* to tell Mr. *Cullin*, that the Christian-name of this Mr. *Wickham* of *Gazington* was mistaken, which gave the first Alarm of an Imposture, otherwise Hearse and Mourning had been provided to have carried him down to *Swackley* for his Interment there.

Mr.

Mr. *Cullin* being not over-apt to believe himſelf cheated, but more to ſatisfie the reſt of the World, ſent down a Meſſenger to *Swackley*, with fifteen Shillings in his Pocket, mounted upon a poor Hackney, but ordered to return upon the Bright Bay Gelding bequeathed him in his Will; being not convinc'd of the Deluſion till his Meſſenger's return, notwithſtanding ſeveral Perſons of Reputation had declar'd him a Counterfeit; and Major *Richardſon* and Mr. *Compton* had both inſpected the Corps, and averred him to be the very Man formerly judged for ſix Wives as before mentioned, and more than once their Priſoner in *Newgate*.

The Meſſenger returning *Tueſday* the 12th of *Jan.* 1691. he brought a Compliment to the Executors from Captain *Wickham* (who had treated the Meſſenger very civilly) to this effect; That he gave them his hearty Thanks for their intended Kindneſs to him; and if they would pleaſe to come to *Swackley* for a Month or more, they ſhould be very welcom, and have the uſe of all the Geldings, *viz.* the Black, the Bright-Bay, the Dapple-Gray, though he could not well part with them for good and all.

Upon this full Satisfaction received, about three the next Morning, with no more than a Watchman and a Lanthorn, in a Coffin of four Shillings price, he was laid in the Earth in a Nook of St. *Clement*'s Church-yard.

The Nurſe and Aſſiſtants that attended him in his Sickneſs now call to mind, that they once or twice obſerved him to laugh to himſelf very pleaſantly, which they ſuppoſe proceeded from the pleaſure he took in cheating the World he was then juſt upon leaving.

To conclude with his Frauds and Impostures, (besides the grandest and boldest of them all that he left the World in) he was charged with one Cheat after his very Death. Amongst the numerous Visitants that came to see him that Week that he lay above Ground, it happen'd that a Man and his Wife, living at *White-Chappel*, pressing in amongst the Crowd of Gazers, immediately remembred his Face; and seeing the Clothes there which he wore before he died, he presently owned himself the Tailor that made them; and that they were not only unpaid for still, but likewise he was cozen'd out of them by one of the lewdest Shams that ever was put upon Man. Upon which he repeated the whole Story at length, *viz.* That about *Bartholomew-tide* before, the now Deceased came over Night, and took a pretty handsom Lodging at *White-Chappel*, pretending himself newly come up by the Stage-Coach out of the Country, his Name *Bowyer*; and desiring his Landlord to help him to a Tailor, 'twas his ill Luck to be the Man that was sent for. When he came to him, he found him in a thread-bare black Coat, and very much in want of Repair. He had not talk'd with him long, before he was desir'd to take measure of him; and whilst that was doing, up came a Foot-man in a gentile Livery, and paying him much Respect and Reverence, told him, That Sir *John*, his Master, desir'd his Company at Dinner. *At Dinner!* (answers our thread-bare Spark) *No, 'Faith; he must excuse me: I am not in a pickle (Pox of my Dog-Rogue) to stir out of doors. No, Sirrah; these Rags upon my Arse are no Dress for Dining at* White-hall. *And so, pray, go tell your Master, that I am forced to keep my Chamber at present, for I have been robb'd since I saw him last Night.* The Foot-boy presently

preſently ask'd him, *By whom? By a young Son of a Whore, a Foot-man of mine, the Devil go with him.* And ſo deſiring the Boy to carry the whole Relation to his Maſter, he tells him very formally. *That ſending his Boy laſt Night to the Carrier's for his Trunk, in which were two Suits of Clothes, all his Linnen and Point, and fifty Pieces of Gold, the Rogue was run away with it: And though this old Suit upon his Back ſerv'd him well enough to come to Town in, Sir* John *muſt pardon him if he durſt not ſtir out till he was a little better rigg'd.* The Foot-man making a long Scrape, and departing with his Meſſage, our Country-Squire gave a hundred hard Names to this Run-a-way Man of his, threatning a great deal of Vengeance if ever he caught him; for Hanging was too good for him. Whilſt this Alarm held, there came another Viſitant to our Eſquire, and told him, He hoped he had drawn it up to his Liking: So the Man producing a Paper, the Eſquire took it and read it; which was a long Advertiſement to be put into the *Gazette*, deſcribing the Marks of his Man, and five Pounds Reward to him that ſhould apprehend him. So having read it out, and approved of the wording of it, he put his Hand in his Pocket, and gave the Fellow ten Shillings to pay for entring of it, giving him a ſtrict Charge to be ſure of getting it into the next *Gazette*. After this, he began to treat about his Clothes, which he deſir'd might be neither Rich nor Gaudy, for he was paſt thoſe Vanities. The Tailor accordingly, by next day at Noon, brings him his Clothes, his Bill between five and ſix Pounds, which truly he muſt be forc'd to ſtay for till next Week; for the Villain and Thief his Man had put him out of Mony; but he had ſent down laſt night by the Poſt for new Supplies, and by the middle

of next Week ſhould be furniſh'd, and pay him very thankfully. The poor Tailor, not in the leaſt doubting his Mony, was very well ſatisfied for he was ſufficiently convinc'd that he was a Gentleman of Faſhion, and hoped to find a good Cuſtomer of him. But no ſooner were the Accoutrements upon his Back, and he had now liberty (no diſgrace to his Gentility) to walk by Day-light; his firſt Progreſs is down to Sir *John*'s at *Whitehall*, who was belike ſo fond of his Company, that he would never let him find the way home again; for from that Hour, neither his *White-chappel* Landlord, nor Tailor, could ever ſet Eye of him.

But to give him a little farther Viſit at the Bakers (the Hoſpitable Roof under which he finiſh'd his laſt Maſter-piece) and lend the Reader ſome few farther Obſervations upon what paſs'd there, more and above his own Perſonal Performance in that grand Maſquerade of the pretended Captain *Wickham*, ſeveral Accidents both before and after his Death contributed much to corroborate and ſupport the Impoſtor. To inſtance one remarkable one; his kind Landlord ſending for the worthy Dr. *F*---- to take care of him in his Sickneſs, he ask'd the Doctor if he did not know him, or had never ſeen him before; which the Doctor (as with good reaſon) not well recollecting, our Patient was pleaſed to remember him, that he had the Honour to Dine with him ſuch a Day, in ſuch a Year, when the Doctor was Mayor of *Glouceſter*. Now it happening that that very day the true Captain *Wickham* had really Dined with him at *Glouceſter*: The Doctor who was not much acquainted with the true Captain, and thereby not ready to diſtinguiſh Faces, yet very well remembring ſuch a worthy Gentleman one of his Honourable Gueſts that

day

day in his Majoralty, was very ready (upon ſo convincing a Circumſtance) to ſwallow the Juggle, and to acknowledge him the Perſon he preſented, which very much influenced the Credulity of the Family.

The *Monday*, the next day after his death, a Noble Peer, attended by ſeveral Perſons of Honour, came to ſee the Body, and was ſo ſatisfied in his being his Country Neighbour, the true Captain *Wickham*, that he queſtion'd the Family why the Coroner did not ſit upon him; upon which being anſwer'd, that ſuch a Phyſician took care of him, and that beſides, the Honeſty of the Houſe in which he died, gave no occaſion for any ſuch reflecting enquiry into his Death: His Lordſhip was pleaſed to reply, That if he was not *Murthered*, he muſt certainly die *Mad*, it being impoſſible that in his right Senſes he ſhould give ſuch extravagant Legacies to meer Strangers: Nor would his Lordſhip be ſatisfied, till he conſulted both his Bodily and Ghoſtly Phyſician, his Miniſter and the Doctor, about his outward and inward Man, *&c.*

Another very confirming Credential happen'd, *viz.* A grave Citizen of *London*, a near Neighbour to our Capital Cathedral, who likewiſe inſpected the Corps, was pleaſed to ſay, he had fifty Guinea's in his Fob, and would make them an Hundred with any Man, that it was Captain *Wickham*. Nay, Mr. *T*---- the Proctor was ſo confident of his Integrity, that he depoſited five Guinea's with the Baker's Wife, to a Wager of five more, to buy him a Pair of Gold Fringe Gloves, that he was the true Captain *Wickham*; and not only ſo, but made two Wagers more with her, of two Guinea's each, upon the ſame Fund. Which Wagers ſhe was ſo unwilling to lay with him, as being her ſelf ſo

confident of his Truth, that she gave them for lost; nor had been drawn into them, but by this Argument of the Nurses, who told her, That if he was the true *Wickham*, nine Guinea's Loss would be nothing out of their great Legacies; and if he was otherwise, the winning of so many Guinea's would make some Help towards the Charges they had been out upon him.

Besides all this, a great many *Oxfordshire* Gentlemen, that frequented *Kn----t*'s Coffee-house in *Essex-Buildings*, were so concern'd at his Executor's Happiness, that rather than the Baker should run away with so much of his Estate, declar'd they were resolv'd to make a Parliament Business of it. So many Affirmatives so strengthned the believing Baker, that he offer'd to give his Maid fifty Pounds for her Hundred: To which she pertly answer'd, No, she was not in so much haste to Compound at that Rate, she was as well able to tarry for her Mony, as he was for his. And talking of the poor Maid, one thing must not be forgotten; the day before he died, he told her he had left her a hundred Pounds to buy her a Husband, but have a care she did not Marry a Rogue that should beat her, for if she did, he had that kindness for her, he was sure it would disturb him in his Grave, and make him Walk when he was Dead.

But to return to his Death: When the Searchers came to do their necessary Office, upon Inspection, they found some little extraordinary Mortification upon some nameless Part about him, that put them upon the Smile. Their Respect to the Worshipful Deceased, made them somewhat Modest in the Discovery; which occasion'd the Nurse to inquire into the cause of their Fleering, and ask'd them plainly, If the Captain were under the Covenant of Circumcision?

ſion? Yes truly, they replied, ſome ſuch kind of Corporal Defect they had found about him. This put the Church-warden into ſome Surprize, who, inclinable to fancy better things of this Pious Benefactor defunct, would by no means believe either Searchers or Nurſe, 'till he play'd the Searcher too, and made a Peep for his ſatisfaction. But, alas, he no ſooner caſt his Eye that way, but he found our Batchellor Captain was in no danger of leading Apes: He diſcover'd him an old Soldier under *Cupid*'s Banner; for by a ſad Token he had been a loſer in the Wars: But Eighteen Wives might do much, and ſo the Wonder is not ſo extraordinary.

By a Letter dated *January* the 21ſt 1691. from a credible Hand, we receiv'd a ſhort Relation of the Man *Tom*, the Famous *Sancho Pancho* to our deceaſed *Don Quixot*, ſo often mention'd, and formerly ſo great a Sharer in his Maſter's Adventures.

This Squire to our late Knight-Errant, through his long Service now grown Maſter of his Art, and conſequently Setting up for himſelf, was then taken at *Rutnam*, near *Godalming* in *Surrey*, for running away with an Heireſs of 150 *l. per annum*. This wealthy Heireſs he had married in very good Seaſon, our Bridegroom truly being not over-rich, (the common Fate of great Wits) for he had hardly Mony enough to pay for his Marriage. However, accepted *for Richer, or Poorer*, he had Bedded her ſeven or eight Nights, and was ſo long purſued and hunted from place to place, before her Relations could catch him, being taken at laſt in Bed with her. The farther Particulars we are not yet inform'd.

Since the firſt Publication of our fore-going Hiſtory of our Grand Guzman, we have receiv'd ſome Comical Adventures, worth inſerting in his Memoirs, which though they now bring up the Rear of his Chronicle, however they were the very firſt of all his Wedlock Feats, and which take as follows.

AS our Young *Matchiavil* was bred up a Brother of the *Criſpin*-Fraternity, in which he liv'd ſome Years a Journey-man to a Cord-wainer at *Worceſter*; ſome little Worldly Calamities, chiefly the Product of a natural Lazineſs, unfortunately run him into *Worceſter*-Goal, where he lay ſome Months, till partly by Charity, and partly by the Mercy of his Creditors, who were ſoftned into a Compoſition of his Debts, at length he ſhook off his Stone-doublet. From hence, his Reputation being a little ſunk in that part of the World, he made ſhift to pick up a ſmall Load of St. *Hugh*'s Bones, and ſo ſtrol'd down the *Severn* to *Briſtol*; and after he had tired out his new Acquaintance there, and made that Town too almoſt a little too Warm for him, he pack'd up his Awls, and moved farther abroad. Our wandring Itinerant, not to mention his more inconſiderable Rambles, comes at laſt to the Town of *Petersfield* within 17 Miles of *Portſmouth*; here (as in all places) being a Boon Pot-Companion, he fell in at All-Fours with a Surgeons Prentice, who on his Maſter's Account had ſome Buſineſs in that part of the Country; and with the good Fortune of a lucky Hand, and ſome little help of a dextrous Cutt and Shuffle,

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the kind Devils-Books were ſo favourable to him, that our young Bone-ſetter loſt all his Mony to him to the doleful tune of upwards of three Pounds: Nay, when his loſing Hand was in, his Plaiſter-box and Salvatory, pretty well furniſh'd with all Silver-tip'd Inſtruments, were ſtak'd and loſt too. The poor young Fellow was not a little mortified at this loſs, but being a Man of ſome little Faſhion, he knew himſelf able, when he ſent home, not above a dozen Miles off, to his Friends, to have Mony enough returned him to redeem his Implements, and ſupply the Caſh of his Maſters he had thus unfortunately imbezel'd: Accordingly he deſires the Favour of Silence, and that he would let him have the kind Equity of Redemption for his Plaiſter-box, upon honeſt Repayment of the Mony loſt upon it. All this was readily agreed to, and a good hearty Oath, by way of honourable Engagement, was thrown into the Bargain, that his Inſtruments ſhould be forth-coming upon the reaſonable Terms aforeſaid, and that he might hear of him at Good-man ſuch a one's, a Shoe-maker in the Town, where he work'd Journey-work.

No ſooner came our Fortunate Gameſter home, but he ſurvey'd his Prize, and found it, as he thought, worth twice the Sum loſt upon it; and therefore having a long time been weary of his own Mechanick Occupation, a Mercurial Thought comes into his Head of roving to Sea. Accordingly early the next Morning, he ſells his *Hugh*'s Bones for a ſmall matter of Silver to a Brother *Criſpiano*, and pretending to foot it up to *London*, he wheels round the Town, and marches directly the clean contrary way, *viz.* to *Portſmouth*, reſolving to prevent all manner of Hunt after him from the young *Eſculapius* for his Plaiſter-box in Tribulation.

Here

Here he lights into a Publick-houſe that generally entertain'd Sea-men, the Miſtreſs of which was a Young Buxom Dame, not long, or rather too long, a Widow: Here he ſoon found himſelf a Tar-mate that he made his Bed-fellow, with whom he quickly contracted a great Intimacy, and alſo gain'd ſome conſiderable Light into Sea-Affairs. His Landlady, to give her her due, was a Pretty Handſom Little Tight Woman; but what was her yet greater Charm, ſhe was worth above a hundred good Pounds. Here our Traveller, upon the Authority of the fair Credentials in his Pocket, pretends himſelf a Surgeon to ſuch a Ship that lay out at Sea, and that his Cheſt of Medicines were coming down from *London* in order to his *Streights* Voyage: Though the Inſtruments in the Pocket ſeem'd ſome ſmall Teſtimonial of his Doctorſhips Capacity, yet the Breeches that held them, and the reſt of his outward Furniture (being indeed ſomething Shabby and Thread-bare) did not altogether look like the Habilements of a Graduate Medicinal Profeſſor. And truly his good Hoſteſs, from that ſlender outward Appearance, was not apt to have over-much Faith in the caſe. Beſides he had that cloudy Hand for a Learned Manual Operator, that ſhe would ſometimes merrily Joak upon his not over-neat Palm for a Chyrurgion. But that Objection was ſoon anſwer'd, and ſhe was readily given to underſtand, that he profeſs'd Chymiſtry as well as Surgery, and the making up of his own Medicines had a little tinctured his Hands; and ſo the remains of the Cobler's-Wax were ſlur'd off under a more honourable Pretention.

Our Brisk Youth now makes bold Suit to his Landlady, in no leſs Capacity than an humble Servant of hers. The cunning Gypſie, not eaſily over-

over-reach'd, and beſides not much taken with his Perſon, gave him but ſlender Reception: 'Tis true he ſpent his Mony briskly, and ſo far ſhe could hear of that Ear, but was ſomewhat Deaf on the other; for truly, as I ſaid before, ſhe wanted Faith. However her Paſſionate Admirer was not wanting, not only in puſhing on heartily, but likewiſe in great Rodomontadoes of an Eſtate he had at *Worceſter* of 30 *l. per annum* Free-land, with twenty other high Romances. But all this wrought but little upon his too Cold and too Coy Miſtreſs; till at laſt by the help of his Tarpawling Chamber-mate, whom he had made of his Party, a very Comical Project was formed, to try what Titillation could beſt work upon her.

Our Sea-Friend therefore, an old Weather-beaten Tar, who had ſeveral times lodg'd at this Houſe, and by that means was very Intimate with the good Dame, takes an occaſion one Evening to drink a Pot and a Quartern with her privately, to tell her ſomething that very nearly concern'd her. This private Interview was no ſooner obtain'd, but our Tar, with a very ſerious Face, began by the way of a Counſellor and Friend, to bid her have a care of his Bed-fellow; not but he loved him well enough as a Chamber-fellow, but not half ſo well as he loved his good Landlady, whom he had known ſo many Years together, and receiv'd ſo many Civilities from. In ſhort, he had diſcover'd that this Doctor made Love to her, and he ſuppoſed to Marry her: But take heed what ſhe does, for to his certain knowledge, inſtead of a Man, he was rather a Monſter. A Monſter, replied the Hoſteſs ſomewhat amazed. Ay a Monſter, for he was his Bed-fellow, and he could Swear what he had ſeen and known. Truly under the Roſe, he was ſuch a

Devil

Devil of a Fellow, that he was more a Horſe than a Man: Nay, ſhe might do what ſhe pleaſed; yet he was ſure, that if he once came to lay her a-board, a poor little Creature as ſhe was, he would certainly tear her to pieces from the very Stern to the Poop: For as he ſaid before, Never was ſuch a Monſter of a Man. The Good Dame mighty kindly thank'd him for his Friendly Advice, and ſhe ſhould take her Meaſures accordingly. In fine, a great deal of kind Caution he gave her, and came ſo far to particulars, as almoſt to tell her the very Dimenſions, how many Half-crowns he could ſweep off. *&c.*

The next Morning our young Doctor deſir'd the Favour of a Mornings-Draught with his Fair Landlady, which was readily granted; and when he came to drink to her, he found the Bowl ſo extraordinary Spiced and Sugar'd, ſo much Sweeter than uſual, that he could not but make her a kind Salute.

In fine, both the Bowl and the fair Ganymede, the Hoſpitality and the Hoſteſs, all ſweetned at a ſtrange Rate; and our happy *Inamorato* had that Acceſs to her ſoft warm Lips, that he never bill'd half ſo cloſe before. This kind Mornings Entertainment was not concluded, till the Generous Widow propoſes a Frolick to-morrow Morning to *Chicheſter*, to viſit ſome Relations there, in which ſhe deſires the Honour of the Doctor's good Company. Our Spark receiv'd the Invitation very thankfully, only he muſt deny himſelf that Happineſs, by reaſon he was at preſent (his Wardrobe being not yet arriv'd from *London*) in that Diſhabilee, that he ſhould diſgrace both her and her Friends by his too poor outward Appearance. The Widow immediately excuſed that Want, by telling him

that

that Fault ſhould be mended, the Town of *Portſmouth* ſhould furniſh him, *&c.* The Spark replied very frankly, That truly till his Return from *London*, he was not at preſent ſtrong enough in Pocket for ſuch a Purchaſe: The Generous Widow bid him not trouble himſelf in that Point, for ſhe would accommodate him, and wait his time for his Repayment. And accordingly, that very Afternoon he was, at the kind Widows own proper Charge, equip'd Cap-a-pee with a new Suit, Hat, and all other Accoutrements, to the Tune of upwards of 7 *l.* beſides ſome very fine Linnen, Relicks of her old Husbands: And the next Morning a Brace of very fine Gallopers were provided, and our mounted Doctor, *A-la-mode de Cavalier*, pranc'd with the gay Widow to *Chicheſter*.

When he came thither he was very courteouſly receiv'd by the Widows Relations, being People of pretty good Faſhion; where the Widow, a little profuſe in her new Gallant's Commendations, gave an extraordinary Character both of his Quality, his Parts, his Profeſſion, and what not. What a fair Eſtate he had at *Worceſter*, and what a fairer Name he had amongſt the College of Phyſicians, and the whole World that knew his Merit; which in reſpect to their Relation, much heightned the Reception he found amongſt them.

Matters going on thus ſwimmingly, and a great deal of Mirth paſſing of all hands, the Doctor publickly avow'd his Pretenſions to the Widow, and the Widow as frankly acknowledg'd the Honour he did her in his favourable Thoughts towards her. To conclude, the Affair went on ſo briskly, that the Match, before the whole Kindred, was ſtruck up that very Night, and Execution reſolved the very next Morning, which was accordingly

dingly performed. But now by the bye, the Reader is to conſider how her Tarpawling's Advice had warn'd her of the Dangers of Marrying this Monſter of a Man, and that the leaſt ſhe muſt expect was to be downright kill'd; nevertheleſs by a certain kind of Courage, natural to the whole Sex, of running the Risk of that ſweet ſort of Martyrdom, ſhe reſolves to venture her whole Mortality, and, in ſpight of Predictions, marry this formidable Deſperado.

Here let us ſlip over the Nuptial Ceremony, and bring her to the Grand Work Conſummation. When the brisk Bridegroom came to attack the Fort, and enter the Breach of Love, the fair Bride, who had conceiv'd moſt prodigious Imaginations of the Aſſault, had her Expectations ſo far defeated, that inſtead of the Monſter, the *Hercules*, the *Gigant*, *&c.* ſhe found him but a meer Man: Nay, as the malicious Devil of Love would have it, the Dimenſions of her Felicity was ſo far ſhort, that what with Remembrance and Compariſon, thoſe unlucky Criticks, ſhe found the Furniture of the whole new Magazine, not anſwerable even to the poor Defunct in the Grave; the very Worms were now Feaſting of that more Subſtantial *Quondam* Diſh, that 'tis not a ſmall untowardly Reflection upon her preſent ſlenderer Bill of Fare.

Not but to do our Bridegroom all Right and Juſtice, he behav'd himſelf in all Points as briskly as Manhood of between a Score and a half could perform; and really there was no reaſonable Objection to be made againſt him. However Expectation had rap'd her into thoſe Extravagant Notions and Phœnomena's, that 'tis no little damp to her high Flights to be ſo fruſtrated and diſappointed.

Our

Our young Couple had not ſlept the firſt whole Night together, I mean as much as a firſt Nights Sleep generally is, but the Bride before Morning was heard to Sigh very often, which much ſurpriz'd the Bridegroom, and made him a little Inquiſitive into the Occaſion of ſo untuneable a Muſick for a Wedding-Night. To which ſhe made anſwer, She much feared that ſhe ſhould be a very Miſerable Woman, for truly ſhe had made a Vow to her old Husband upon his Death-bed, to Mourn a double Widowhood for him; and now ſo notoriouſly contrary to her Promiſe, and all the Decenſies of her Sex, to Marry in leſs than half a Year after his Death, not one quarter of the Time engaged, was both that Shame and Trouble to her, that ſhe had juſt reaſon to dread ſome exemplary Vengeance from Heaven; at leaſt to be haunted by his Ghoſt, a due Puniſhment for ſo wicked a Perjury. The Bridegroom gave her a great many mollifying Arguments in anſwer to ſo ridiculous a Scruple of Conſcience, but God-wot to little purpoſe, all her *Quondam* Sweetneſs was perfectly ſour'd to all Intents and Purpoſes. The Good-man, the new Spouſe, found her ſtill more and more in her Melancholly Dumps, eſpecially after her return to *Portſmouth*, for to tell Truth 'twas one of the ſhorteſt Hony-moons of Love that ever New-wedded Couple had. Amongſt her daily Invectives againſt her unhappy Marriage, the old Lodger the Tarpawling took occaſion to remind her of the fair Warning he had given her againſt Marrying this Man. *Ay*, replied the Dame, *you did adviſe me in the Devil's name, a Pox of ſuch Plaguy Counſellors.* For his part, like a Lying, Couzening, Cheating Loon as he was, ſhe turned him out of her Doors, and would ſuffer him to lie no longer in her Houſe.

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The Husband, who, upon conferring Notes with his Tar-friend, and other Remarks, gueſs'd where the Shoe pinch'd, began to think upon raiſing a little of the Rhino out of her, and therefore before he had been a Week married, a Letter comes down from *London* to tell him, his Lodging in Town, by an Accidental Fire, was burnt down, in which his Trunk, Cloaths, Sea-Cheſt, and every thing he had there were unhappily loſt in the Flames. Upon this he made ſtrange Moan for Ten Pounds to recruit his Cheſt, otherwiſe his Voyage would be loſt, and to ſend home to *Worceſter* for Mony of his own, would be longer work than the time he had on Shore would grant him. For which cauſe he muſt requeſt his Dear Wife to do that great Favour for him. She raiſe Ten Pound! God knows where ſhould ſhe have it, ſhe Swears 'tis twice as much as ſhe is worth in the whole World. Nay then, replied our young Doctor, 'tis but loſing his Voyage, and giving over all Sea-Affairs, he'll e'en ſet up a Doctor in *Portſmouth*, his Ability will find him Practiſe enough to live like a Gentleman, and ſo Live and Dye in the Arms of his Dear Sweet *Betty*: And therefore he would immediately write to his Friends at *Worceſter*, that his Tenant might know his Reſolution.

This laſt Propoſal was worſe than the Ten Pound Demand; for to live all days of his Life with her, was ſo Mortal an Apprehenſion to her, that ſhe had rather pay twice that Sum to be rid of him; to Sea, to the Devil, any whither, ſo ſhe can but ſee his Back-ſide, and Ten Pound well laid out. And accordingly, upon ſecond Thoughts, ſhe told him, That truly that Town was over-ſtock'd with his Profeſſion already, and therefore rather than loſe him his Employ, ſhe would try all her Friends to raiſe

raiſe it; which was done the next day after: Whilſt our Operator, under Pretence of a Journy to *London* to new furniſh his Labaratory, lays in a Stock of Brandy, and other comfortable Importance, into a Merchants Ship; and in no higher a Poſt than before the Maſt, ſets out a Voyage for *Venice*.

Our young Traveller being thus ſet out with a fair Gale, and his Dear Turtle, his Fair Spouſes beſt Wiſhes, by the way of a Witches Prayer for his Good Voyage and Safe Return: We have little of Moment through his Voyage, only that he was very Bounteous to the Sea-men, and doled his Brandy, and the reſt of his good Stowage amongſt them, which excuſed him from the greateſt part of his Duty, they being all ready to ſerve him. More particularly he ingratiated with the Surgeon of the Veſſel, and gain'd ſome ſmall Experience in Chirurgery, and ſome little Inſight into Phyſick. At his Arrival at *Venice*, by virtue of his pretty decent Appearance in Habit, and ſome little matter of Money in his Pocket, but chiefly by his natural Talent of Confidence, he ſet up for a Spark, and gain'd an intimate Acquaintance with a young Venetian Merchant, who traded with the *Engliſh*, and had a little ſmattering in the Tongue, enough to be underſtood: With this young Merchant he went now and then to a *Bona Roba*, ſome of the Fair Wantons of *Venice*. During which extraordinary Familiarity between them, the Merchant was ſo Frank, as to unboſom ſome few of his Secrets to him; one above the reſt, That he had Debauch'd a young Girl of ſome conſiderable Quality there, which had run away from her Relations: That 'tis true, her Friends knew not who 'twas had Diſhonour'd

their Family: And that if by any Accident it ſhould be diſcover'd, the leaſt he muſt expect was to have his Throat Cut, as the common Revenge of that Nation upon much leſſer Injuries. Our young Doctor ſeeming very much concern'd for his Friends Danger, offer'd his Service of a Projection that ſhould make all Safe and Happy, which was, If he thought fit, by a Plot that he would lay, to Marry this Unhappy Damſel to a very Rich *Venetian* of his Acquaintance. The Merchant was highly pleaſed at ſuch a Propoſal, if feaſable, an Honourable Marriage being the only thing that would ſalve and reconcile all. Accordingly upon a cloſe Cabal between them, this following Intreague was manag'd, to our Young Doctor's Immortal Reputation in Politicks.

He was mighty well acquainted with a Publick Notary in *Venice*, a very Rich Man, to whom he had often boaſted of his great Medicinal Learning; and one day he took an occaſion to tell him, That he had the Honour to take care of a young Merchant's Widow, at preſent deſperately ill, who had thought fit to ſelect him for her Phyſician, before all the Beſt and Ableſt of her own Country Doctors, who had experienc'd all their beſt Skill in vain, and had given her over for Loſt. That notwithſtanding this univerſal Deſpair of her Recovery, he had ſome more than ordinary Hopes of performing Wonders that ſhould Amaze the World. Not but her Life was in the Hand of Heaven, and he durſt abſolutely warrant nothing that was Mortal. Amongſt the loud Encomiums of his own Skill, he ſprinkled ſome tender Expreſſions of Pity towards the Poor Young Lady, whoſe extraordinary Beauty, as much as Sickneſs had defaced it, was no little Object of Admiration. In two or

three

three days after, this Young Lady takes occaſion to make her Will, and who ſhould be ſent for to do that Office but this Notary, as being partly recommended to her by her Doctor. Our Man of Law, who from the Deſcriptions of this Languiſhing Lady, had receiv'd a ſtrange Impreſſion of her extraordinary, though yet unſeen, Charms, was mightily pleaſed that this Opportunity ſhould give him a ſight of that Prodigy of Beauty his Eſculapian Friend had deſcrib'd. Accordingly being conducted to a moſt magnificent ſtately Houſe, he was uſher'd through ſeveral moſt ſumptuous Apartments to the Bed-chamber of the Sick Lady, ſo prodigiouſly richly furniſh'd, as had almoſt amaz'd him, had not the fairer Object before him, by a much greater Surprize, diverted that Poorer Thought, and fix'd his Wonder upon a nobler Contemplation.

But to bring him to do his Office, *viz.* Drawing up her Laſt Will and Teſtament: After ſhe had bequeath'd her Soul to him that gave it, and her Body to the Earth, from whence it came, a too Rich Legacy, God knows, for poor Worms; for indeed what with her own Natural Sweetneſs, the Dreſs and Light ſhe appeared in, and withall the Prepoſſeſſion of the Notary, that much heightned her Charms, ſhe ſeem'd no little Miracle. But as I was ſaying, to come to her Worldly Capacities, ſhe bequeathed very large Sums of Wealth to ſeveral Relations, inſomuch that the Aſtoniſh'd Notary, now her abſolute Captive, could not but think that Heaven had done the higheſt Juſtice to ſo delicate a piece of its own faireſt Handiwork, in matching the Bleſſings of ſo many Charms, with an equal Addition of Fortune: And that there wanted nothing from her kind Stars, but the Reſtoration of her Sweet Health to compleat the Smiles of Pro-

vidence; all but too juſtly due to ſo lovely a Sweetneſs, that ſo highly deſerv'd even the extraordinary Care of Heaven.

The tranſported young Scribe was extreamly rap'd with the Wonders he had ſeen in this bewitching Face; and truly by the Favour of his good Friend, our kind Mr. Doctor, had the Happineſs ſeveral times after to accompany him thither, when call'd to viſit his fair Patient, who in ſome little time after began to be in a fair way of Recovery.

Our long-rob'd *Inamorato*, thus happily introduced, is not wanting to improve ſo favourable an Opportunity, and continues his daily Viſits to the fair Widow ſtill after her perfect Recovery, (for our Famous Operator has ſet her upon her Legs again.) And though Acceſſes to the ſoft Sex in that Country are generally not ſo eaſie as in our Engliſh Clime; Treaties of Love being there carried on like Love it ſelf, a little Blind-fold; yet under the Notion of a Widow thoſe Conceſſions were granted, which from a Maiden Miſtreſs, through ſtrictneſs of Cuſtom, might have been denied him.

Our Law-Courtier (to bleſs his kind Stars) gains ground, makes a formidable Attack, and is not very vigorouſly repulſed: For though there is no Virgin-wax in the caſe, here's ſomething as ſoft, and the Impreſſion not over-difficult. The fair adored makes him all the ſuitable Advances fit for a Woman of her Quality and Figure: And her humble Servant, though perhaps as Zealous an Idolater of a fair Portion, as of a fair Face; nevertheleſs makes no further Inquiry into that Particular, but takes her Fortunes upon Truſt, being as amply ſatisfied of her Capacity that way,

by

by virtue of the late large Will he had made her, as his own Eyes had made him of her other more viſible Accompliſhments.

Matters, in fine, are ſo handled, and the Siege ſo puſh'd on, that at laſt the White Flag is hung out, and the Fort upon Articles of Diſcretion comes to ſurrender; for truly the Widow not to be behind in Generoſity, makes as little Scrutiny into his Worldly Effects as he had done into hers; and conſequently without any Interrogatories upon that Subject, gives up the Cauſe; and accordingly *Hymen* is celebrated between them, the tranſported Bridegroom not a little charmed with his fair Prize.

It is not worth while to proſecute this part of our Hiſtory any further, only we muſt tell the Reader, that whatever lumping Prize the Bridegroom found, his *Anglican* Doctorſhip, the kind Mediator made a good Bargain of it. For the Generous Merchant, for his aſſiſtant part in putting off the above-named Fair, but ſomewhat damaged Commodity, generouſly preſented him with 200 Crowns, beſides a Cask of Rich Wine to cheer his Voyage for *England*.

Our Spark, thus nobly equip'd, return'd homewards, now no longer in the Capacity of a private Sea-man, but in a manner a Mate to the Maſter of the Veſſel; but eſpecially with his Old Friend the Doctor of the Ship, for now Medicine is his profeſs'd Study.

At his Arrival at *England* (though the Veſſel was bound for *London*) it happen'd they touch'd in their way at *Portſmouth*, till a fair Wind offer'd for the *Thames* mouth. Here our flouriſhing Traveller reſolves to make a Viſit on ſhore to his good *Portſmouth* Dame, poor *Betty*, he left behind him. But when

when ſhe came to ſet Eye upon his lovely Phiz, never was ſuch a roaring Welcom made. The not over-fond Spouſe, during his more than ſix Months Abſence, had unluckily inquir'd news of him about *Worceſter*, where ſhe had diſcover'd he had no more of an Eſtate than he had in *Tranſilvania*; and was no more a Doctor than he was a Major-General. In ſhort, his whole Pedigree, Extract and Occupation, were fully diſcover'd; and conſequently not a few Civil Compliments of Rogue, Cheat, Counterfeit and Impoſtor, were very heartily beſtow'd upon him: Nay, ſhe could hardly forbear telling him, that his pretended Eſtate was as wholly Imaginary, as the Boaſted Dimenſions of his Manhood: He was all Forgery and Lyes in-ſide and out-ſide.

Our young Doctor, who expected no leſs than all this Fury, was before-hand prepared for it, and receiv'd her with a Scorn as great on his ſide, as the Rage was on hers; pull'd out whole handfuls of Gold, to ſhew her, that though his Birth, 'tis true, had beſtow'd no Patrimonies upon him, his Wit and Senſe could make his own Fortune; and accordingly valued not that inconſiderable want of Birth-right. But to Sum up the whole Conference between them: The Dame was for never ſeeing his Face more, and no Love loſt on his ſide, he was as ready to make a drawn Battle of it himſelf: However, if ſhe would purchaſe a General Releaſe from all Pretenſions to him, he demanded an Acknowledgment of Ten Guinea's for the Signing and Sealing ſuch a full Diſcharge: Which though 'twas a little hard, ſhe conſented to pay down the Sum; and our young Doctor drew up a Paper under the Penalty of a Thouſand Pound, never to claim her as a Wife, or give her any

Trouble

Trouble whatever; but to allow her free Liberty to diſpoſe of her ſelf to any Man ſhe ſhould like better. No ſooner was this formal Divorce ſign'd and ſeal'd, and the Ten Guinea's paid upon the aforeſaid Agreement, but they fairly bid each other an eternal Adieu; the young Dame being ſo very Frank with him, as to tell him, ſhe had already had a better Man in her Tables ſince he went away; and had ſome very fair Effects of it, being four Months gone with Child by him, that being a particular piece of Juſtice ſhe ow'd him before, for the Impudent Cheat he had put upon her: So that a good Riddance on both ſides. Our Doctor returned for *London*, with his Pockets well lined, ſets up for a Town-Spark, and lets his Gold fly: Till at laſt, the Mine pretty well ſunk, he ſets his Brains at work for a Recruit; and here he got Acquaintance with an Inn-keeper of *Kingſton* upon *Thames*, a Perſon principled for his Purpoſe; and to him he communicated a Deſign to get Mony, which he readily imbraced. The Inn-keeper, upon pretended Buſineſs, gets well mounted with a Hundred and fifty Pounds in Mony, and a Watch, Rings, and other Rich Moveables worth 50 *l.* more; and accordingly his Road lying upon *Clapham-Common*, he is there accoſted in a very Hoſtile manner, though by a not over-formidable Enemy, being our young Doctor transform'd to a Cavalier, who with the rough Compliment of Stand and Deliver, disburthen'd him of his brace of Hundreds; for which a loud Hue and Cry is immediately made, though with no great Deſign of taking the Thief. This Project ſucceeded ſo well, that with a hardy Front, and a little natural Aſſurance, our Inn-keeper makes ſo bold with the Evangeliſts, as to Swear heartily to the Robbery,

and

and accordingly Sues the County, and recovers the Mony, which was very fairly and honeſtly Snack'd between them. With this laſt Prize he thinks it high time to fly no longer at Rovers, but to take up and ſettle: And accordingly carries himſelf, his Impudence, and Plaiſter-box, to *Banbury*, and there ſets up a Profeſs'd Chyrurgion, as the beginning of our Hiſtory has already ſet forth.

F I N I S.